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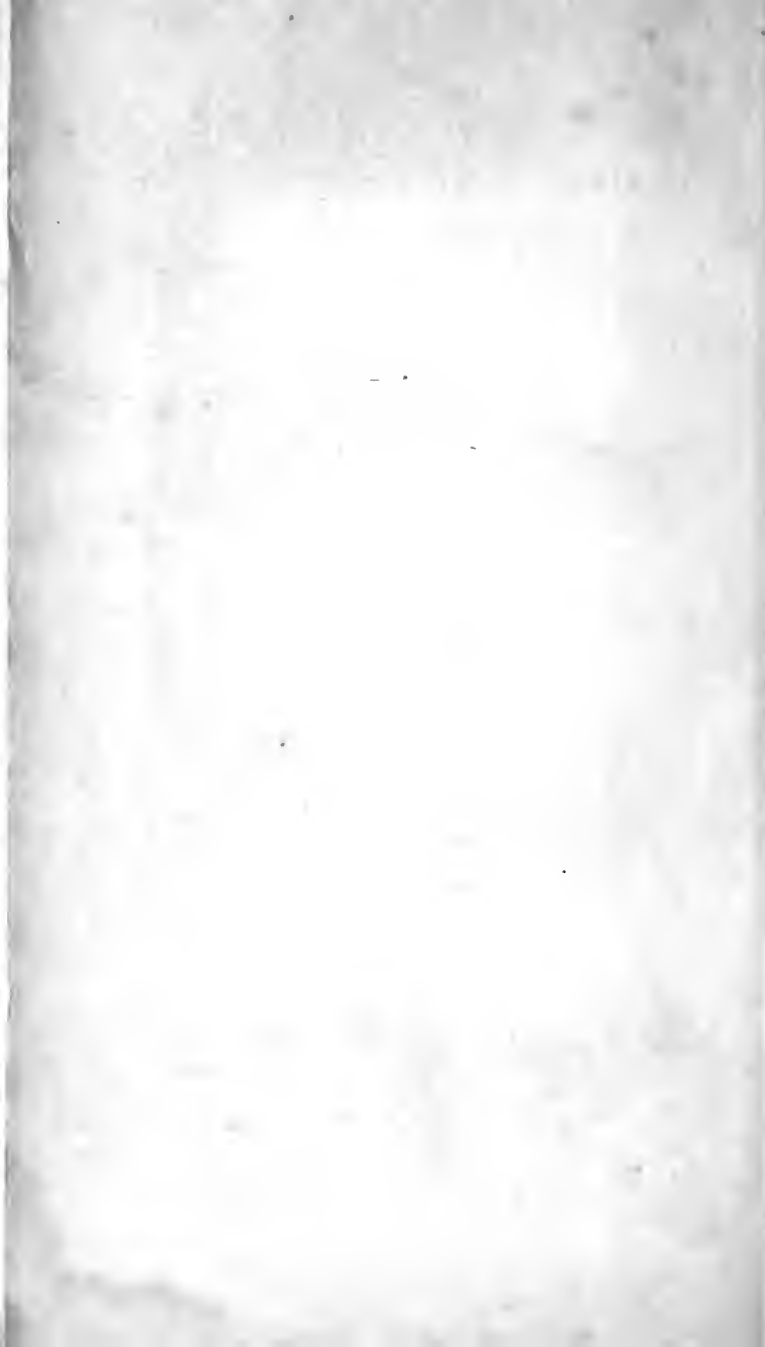


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HOB'S EXCURSION,

WITH DIGRESSIONS.

A HUMOROUS TALE.

BY

MR. W. A. KENTISH.

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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO THE

RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M. P.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT,

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT,

AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

775504

ODE TO THE REVIEWERS.

Ye cutters up and carvers out of fame,
 Ye who can deify or damn a name,
 Do have some little mercy upon mine;
 Mind ye, I don't presume on being *great*,
 But on the *humblest* bench I take my seat,
 And at an *awful* distance, view the *nine*.
 As to getting with them into *friendly* chat,
 Lord! I've not *impudence* enough, for *that*.

No, I'm a modest, unassuming creature,
 And probably the meekest man in nature;
 So that the smallest piece of public praise,
 Would put me into such an agitation,
 Reason would almost leave her station,
 At least, she'd not get calm again, for days!
 If praise her ladyship would thus affright,
 The smallest censure would destroy her, quite.

All the world your Reverences revere,
 Because they know what learned men ye are.
 Just and impartial in whate'er ye do;
 So that your decisions should be law,
 As on all works of *merit* ye *ne'er* war;
 And for myself, I reverence a review!
 Ye are so merciful, so mild a jury,
 In all that ever comes before ye.

At your tribunals we look up with awe,
 Like criminals that dread the law,
 Or heretics, at Spanish inquisition!
 Ye will not break our legs, and arms, and backs:
 No friends to tortures, whips and racks;
 All too humane and mild in disposition.

What is it then, we authors fear?
 Our tutelary deities, ye are ;
 Then wherefore should we dread dissection?
 Ye but judiciously apply the knife,
 Just like Sir Astley, and so save the life ;
 Ye only cut out the *infection*.

I don't say here and there, there is'nt one,
 With consciences and hearts of stone ;
 But these are *quacks* in the profession,
 Would break the ten commandments for a crown,
 Commend all sorts of vice—pull virtue down :
 But these are fellows of a low condition,
 And not the *regularly* bred,
 Equitable in heart and sound in head.

These are the men to whom I lowly bend,
 Who will not for a sovereign, speak evil,
 Not only, not of their best friend,
 But of the common enemy—the devil !
 They're all stern moralists, one cannot buy 'em,
 So it were preposterous to try 'em.

Well, gentlemen, to ye I leave my case,
 I will not hire counsel e'en to plead,
 Ye are so very generous a race,
 And so unprejudiced—ye are indeed ;
 That should your verdict e'en be guilty—death !
 Ye're so benevolent, I need'nt urge ye,
 I know ye'll never sign beneath,
 “ Without the benefit of clergy.”

HOB'S EXCURSION.

CHAP. I.

CONTENTS.—*Hob and Joan's night at the Inn.—Impressions of Travellers going by early coaches.—Evil effects of superstitious fears in infancy.—Rainy, windy, winter's morning.—Irish heroism.—Sampson.—Advantage of Asses jaws in battle.—Miracles and modern righteousness.*

The morn was dark, the hour two,
 The ostler roar'd his hoarse halloo,
 'Gainst every traveller's chamber door,
 He'd orders from, the night before.
 Joe had been roused upon the nick,
 And drowsy reeled with light and stick.
 Cursing his fate 'tween wake and snore,
 That he could'nt lie till four.
 While slow he stalked the gallery's bound,
 Each wooden shoe-step echoed round.
 All listened, eager for the rap,
 That was to terminate his nap;
 And as the heavy sound drew nigh,
 Prepared the answer aye! aye! aye!

But when he'd silent passed the door,
Fell back to take an hour more.

The lantern with its fitful light,
Gave blackness to the dark of night ;
And as its ray did come and go,
Lengthened the shade of drowsy Joe,
Which, like a flash of lightening did glide,
Across the yard and up the wall's white side.
Drawing out its dreadful aspect, until tossed
Over the chimney's pyramid and lost ;
But quick descending, swept the yard once more,
Travelling all the building o'er.

Like some dark spirit, hunting out its foe,
Untimely driven to the shades below ;
But doomed inevitably to appear,
Through every night, in every year ;
To be his persecuter's constant guest,
And never let his spirit rest ;
But when he'd sat him by the fire's side,
In at the casement he would glide,
And draw a chair and sit beside him ;
And with his ghostly features chide him ;
All covered o'er with wounds—and now,
With nothing but anatomy to shew.
With sulphur in each socket for an eye,
Which would alternate burn and die ;
Until the miscreant's hand that drew the stain,
Not to be blanched by sun nor rain,
Had set the wretched murderer free,
From his nightly misery.

Some timid mind, intent on evil,
 Might have supposed Joe's shade, the devil ;
 And fearful of its ill intent,
 Had run and whistled as he went :
 And at the rustling of each leaf on high,
 Might have supposed his lordship nigh ;
 And turning, been prepared to scream or fly.

Some had early reached the Inn, some later ;
 With changing, supping, orders to the waiter,
 'Bout fiddles, lapdogs, trunks and parrots,
 'Twas eleven ere they reach'd their garrets ;
 And there you'll take it well for granted,
 Sleep did'nt come before 'twas wanted.

Indeed it is'nt sleep, but dozing,
 And wearies more than e'en carousing ;

'Tis but a maniac's sleep, at best,

 Almost the opposite of rest.

One thinks he hears a call, and then,

 Listens until he dozes once again.

When roused, Hob slowly raised his head,

 As though he'd just got into bed ;

When with a heavy stretch and yawn,

 He rubbed it with his night cap on,

 But did'nt find his wig was there,

 So groped for it in either chair ;

 As he could not remember right,

 Where he had put it over night ;

 Indeed he'd found the sheets so damp,

He thought they'd laid him in a swamp ;

And as he flung 'em off the bed,
 They lighted on the rushlight's head.
 The glim was doused, the wig mislaid,
 Hob called in vain the chamber maid,
 Either she could'nt or she would'nt hear him,
 In short, no chamber maid came near him.

Now in his childhood he had often heard
 Of monsters, with a grisly beard,
 And forked tail and cloven foot,
 And hair of snow and face of soot ;
 Had sat, and listened to old Joan,
 Until he feared to be alone ;
 Lest those odd shapes and figures grim,
 Might seize and fly away with him !
 Though fifty years had made him older,
 On these same points he'd not grown bolder.
 Like many a doughty captain, who,
 In terror struck at Buggabo.
 At forts and cannons he's not scared,
 Would march and take'em with a smile,
 Yet would'nt go within a mile,
 Of a lone, country-fied church-yard !

When finding that no one obeyed him,
 The darkness of the room dismayed him.
 He really felt or thought he felt,
 A hand pass o'er him as he knelt ;
 For Hob was always most devout,
 And prayed at home as well as out.

Instant, sweat drops as big as peas,

Ran from his elbows to his knees.
 He tumbled in with breeches on,
 But could'nt sleep a wink, till one.
 When called then, as I've said before,
 By Joe, loud thundering at the door,
 'Twas natural, we may suppose,
 He'd jump most eagerly into his clothes.
 The time was now approaching fast,
 He feared lest he might be the last,
 As the rumbling of the coach below,
 Informed him that the horses were put to.

The air was cold, the wind blew bleak,
 And whistled through each casement's creak ;
 Howling underneath the mats,
 As though the house was set by cats ;
 And as it swept along the hall,
 'Twas now a moan and now a squall.
 United with the pattering rain,
 It beat like pebbles 'gainst the pane,
 And bubbled headlong down the lane

Impatiently Hob roared for light,
 And roared again with all his might.
 Again he roared—but all in vain ;
 His voice was drowned in wind and rain.

As in an Irish combat, oft we see,
 Sixty of the enemy, attacked by three ;
 Twenty of 'em downright dead,
 With twenty wounded—twenty fled.

The wounded keep up such a yell,
 The field of battle seems a hell;
 And forty trumpets sound in vain,
 To bring the twenty back again.

Sampson was nothing to an Erin lad,
 Who can surround a multitude, egad.
 Sampson but slew his hosts of Philistines,
 Those monstrously unchristian swines.
 For javelins he didn't care a straw,
 Held them and swords in such abhorrence,
 He never used the one or other, once;
 But did it all with asses' jaw.
 For he'd an adamantine hide,
 So that the swords all turned aside,
 As though he'd had of steel, a jacket,
 'Twas therefore loss of time to hack it.

But Jews would not find asses' teeth,
 Now deal so liberally death,
 To any numerous, disciplined band,
 With swords and javelins in hand.
 Nor would they with a pebble stone,
 Crack a gigantic, cranium bone!
 Tho' many million acts like these,
 Anciently were done with ease;
 And were required for the salvation,
 Of the unrighteous Hebrew nation,
 Who'd have experienced perdition,
 But for Heaven's interposition,
 To force them on the road to bliss,

In after states as well as this.
 But miracles have long gone by,
 Because we're now religious grown,
 Which will increase, from son to son,
 Through all the inlets of posterity,
 Until at length this world below,
 Will be what Heaven itself is now.

Nations, I think, upon my word,
 Are acting very, very wrong,
 To give the preference to a sword,
 Or to a great or little gun.
 These varied implements are worse than farces,
 Whilst each has such a variety of asses.

CHAP. II.

*Hob and Joan's misfortune at the Inn.—Ludicrous morning scene.
 —Description of Joan.—Hob's accident at starting.—Usual topics of
 travelling conversation.—Apathy on political subjects.—Hob's song.*

Hob fell abruptly in a chair,
 Alighting on a mound of hair,
 In calm security it was his wig,
 Because it was about as big.
 The wig however being animated,
 Would'nt let itself be pated;
 But struggled, hissed and screamed so stout,

It put Hob instant to the rout,
 Who thinking 'twas his wig bewitched,
 That had bitten, clawed and twitched,
 He made a bolt towards the door ;
 But in his hurry drove his head,
 Against an angle of the bed ;
 And flat he fell upon the floor ;
 Overturning basin, glass and jug,
 Table, chairs and chamber mug ;
 Thumping and roaring out with all his might,
 " For God's sake that they'd bring a light."

The general crash upon the ground,
 Brought all his tavern neighbours round,
 Who instant forced the bolted door,
 And found Hob weltering on the floor.
 He'd made a cranny in his pate,
 Diagonally, not straight ;
 But on examining it with care,
 For there was no impediment of hair,
 They found the skull so very hard,
 The split could not have gone a yard !
 'Twas closed together then with plaister ;
 Which terminated the disaster ;
 But it was neither wig nor hat,
 That Hob had squatted on,—it was a cat ;
 But whether she got fractured too,
 It is'nt known, for off she flew.

Amongst the crowd who had rushed in,
 Was Hoby's niece, tall, raw-boned, thin.

Nature ne'er made a thing so coarse ;
A species of horse-godmother to a horse.

And so in reality she might be,
I never heard her pedigree.

The outside covering Nature put her on,
Was not so white as snow or swan.

It less approached the lily than the garnet ;
In disposition she was mild as hornet.

And seeing Hunks in such a state,
The claret oozing from his pate,
She never offered him the smallest aid ;
But screamed and swooned and lay for dead.

The ostler Joe who stood behind her,
Saved her from tumbling on the floor.
In this fate was incomparably kinder,
Than she had been but just before.
And with burnt-cotton-smoke, and water,
Shortly again to life they brought her ;
But when she found him neither dead nor dying.
With disappointment then, she fell a crying.

A very ordinary merit,
With those impatient to inherit.

I shall say nothing of the other folks,
In shirts, shifts, morning gowns, in frosty weather :
They seemed just like a company of jokes,
Huddled together !
For if I drew the character of each one,

'Twould form a large miscellany of fun,
And here occasion far too much digression;
So we'll adjourn 'em 'till another session.

Hob reached the bottom of the stairs,
Still trembling with his recent fears,
And was ascending the coach step;
But e'er he drew his body in,
He slipt and fell upon his chin,
And then upon his hip.
Half stunned, he rolled him on his back,
Directly in the coach's track.

'Twas well the horses did'nt take fright,
Nor that the guard cried out,—“all's right.”
Hob would in either case have gone to pot,
And inwardly Joan sighed,—“why not?”
But Coachee took the immediate alarm,
In time to pull the man from under.
To escape, it was a miracle—a wonder:
An instant more—he'd lost an arm.
The coach no longer could be stopt,
He must now go or stay behind:
The latter was'nt to his mind;
So in he popt.
For Hob was a stout, hearty cock,
Who did'nt mind a knock,
Provided that the blow,
Did'nt sever him in two.

The rumbling vehicle had now,
Proceeded on an hour or so.

It seemed an universal silence,
 Might be looked for many a mile hence,
 For no one spoke,
 In seriousness nor joke.

Hob to provoke a conversation,
 Began then warmly to descant,
 In terms both eloquent and long,
 Upon the very general want,
 And misery, throughout the nation.
 In lively tints he painted every wrong
 With all his might ;
 Omitting every right !

But as he found it would'nt do,
 For no one assented, nor said no,
 Nor shewed the smallest interest,
 In all he did or could advance,
 Whether about England or France,
 He felt that dropping politics was best.

'Tis not oft safe t'exaggerate,
 In mixed and public societies,
 That is to say, tell lies,
 Of either army, navy, church, or state.
 For it is much beyond a chance,
 You meet with one of the profession,
 Who's never likely to make much concession ;
 And then you get to loggerheads, at once.

But that society might not be dull,
 Each looking at the other like a fool,
 Hob offered, as they went along,

To give the company a song.
 Bravo ! roared each, a song, a song !
 And thus Hob instantly begun.

HOB'S SONG.

Well ! I am a cobbler, tis true ;
 And daily I work at my calling :
 And save dirty soles, not a few ;
 That into perdition are falling.
 With my last and my awl and my end,
 Whilst all the world's marring, I mend.

Than physicians, we're much wiser men,
 Both physic and doctors I hate 'em.
 They kill eight poor souls out of ten,
 Whilst I, to the last, renovate 'em.
 With my last and my awl and my end,
 Whilst all the world's marring, I mend.

CHAP. III.

CONTENTS.—*Description of Hob.*—*Charitable nature of mankind.*
 —*Peter's reception of sinners and neglect of saints.*—*Debating societies.*—*Garden of Eden.*—*The serpent.*—*Adam and Eve.*—*The fall and its consequences.*—*Pandora.*—*Eloquence and logic abhorred.*—*Hateful to government, except in promoting their misdeeds.*—*Napoleon and his mysterious death.*—*Wellington, Sidmouth, and Washington.*

Hob loved a stave with all his soul,
 Accompanied with his pipe and bowl ;

He'd sit and sing or hear a song,
From eve till matin's bell had rung.

From matin's bell until the eve,
He'd listen to a story or a stave.

A downright, jovial, jolly dog ;
Who loved melodious noise and grog,

To every thing in life,

Except his wife.

Prompt to be to every being kind,

So that he had heaps of friends,

Who never sought their private ends,

Each was so generous in mind !

This feeling is so general a thing,

From the very cobbler to the king.

Where a liberality appears,

Few can be prevailed with to use it.

Each one of us would rather lose his ears,

Than e'er consent, a moment, to abuse it !

No one's self interested in nature.

No.—man's a very noble creature :

The noblest thing without exception,

That could have sprung from the conception :

And take the utmost pains to analyse him,

It is impossible one can despise him !

On the least accident or casual distress,

Impatiently he rushes from his room,

Carrying the sick or dying home,

And like the good Samaritan,

He tenders all the good he can.

Happy's heaven if angels ne'er do less.

In all their sympathies, than this.
 Indeed 'tis certain, that it is so,
 For when a sinner goes above,
 They almost smother him with love,
 Just as we do, here below.
 They never care a button about a saint;
 But leave him in the porch to faint.
 But had he been a thorough sinner,
 All would immediately around him rush,
 Hustling and jostling at each push,
 Impatient to present him with a dinner.

Angels must love a little sin,
 And probably Saint Peter has an order,
 To plant his scouts round heaven's border,
 That nothing else pass freely in.
 Reader, what then shall you or I do ?
 Such sainted personages here below !
 Two who have never done sufficient harm,
 For our reception to be warm.
 So we had better need repentance,
 Ere we think of going hence,
 As then we shall be hugged to death,
 At least until we're out of breath.
 But what rendereth this matter clear, is,
 That every soul sent here, is
 Pure and innocent at its ingress ;
 But in some thirty years or less,
 'Tis so polluted by the stay,
 That when at length 'tis called away,
 It must be fitter for a better state,

A thousand fold at any rate !
 Just as we cram within our jails,
 Myriads of embryo criminals,
 To work out their regeneration ;
 And there we keep 'em just as long,
 Till sinners they're no longer young,
 But in the high road to damnation ;
 When we ought, like heaven, regard 'em,
 And with all sorts of dignities reward 'em,
 For having really been the cause,
 Of teaching them to break the laws.

But all mankind are getting good and wise,
 And each mechanic can philosophize,
 And think and judge, digest and plan ;
 In ethics, eloquence and wit,
 A Paley, Newton, or a Pitt,
 A compound, literary man.

In every part throughout the state,
 Schools of wisdom have sprung up of late.
 Where all the ills and weaknesses of man,
 That ever were, or are, or are to be,
 Are there discussed with the utmost free-
 Dom, and logically descanted on.

I once sat listening to one of these,
 Moralizing on the world's infirmities,
 In terms a something like the following,
 Which all his auditors were swallowing,
 And each one nodded his assent,
 As on from step to step he went.

“What a pretty six day’s piece of work’s the world !

“Such chaos into such sweet order hurled !

“Hurricanes and monsters, earthquakings and floods,
And man so free from vice—all’s good !

“Except a very little evil,

“No doubt originating with the devil,

“Who envious of man’s blissful state,

“Slily slipt through Eden’s gate,

“Or ’neath in silence bored a hole,

“And through the little inlet stole.”

“Or soaring upwards on his pinions wide,

“Snugly alighted on the inner side.

“The battlements although they might be high,

“In no part positively touched the sky !

“The garden too was not tiled in,

“Tho’ if it had, ’t had safer been.

“The *tiling* could have been of *glass* !

“With iron gratings fixed below,

“Which the light and heat might pass,

“’Thout any difficulty, thro.’

“Or had this inconvenient been,

“Shutting up Adam from the free, fresh breeze,

“Which too was indispensable for trees,

“A wind could have been placed therein.”

“But the best guard against all evil,

“Was chaining or tying up the devil,

“Just as we fasten up a dog that bites,

“And only let him prowl at night.

“But for the safety of the new creation,

"T'other should ne'er have left his station.
 "Or his pinions might have been unscrewed,
 "To keep the garden from surprise,
 "As then he could'nt upwards rise,
 "To the world's boundaries, the only road."

 "The devil must be light to rise,
 "Through the ether so beyond the skies,
 "That is to say, the atmosphere,
 "That's so transparent, blue and clear.
 "His body and habiliments together,
 "Were lighter than a tom-tit's feather.
 "But Milton says that he *got* there,
 "And gives him nerves and bulk and weight,
 "As any of our monarchs, quite as great;
 "With a more noble and majestic air!
 "Than any of the Greek or Trojan band,
 "Or chief of any other land."

"Unseen howe'er he passed and secret lay,
 "Deep in a solitary way;
 "And as a serpent to our mother crept,
 "While all the holy watchmen slept.
 "Who not suspecting he was in,
 "Awoke and slept, and slept and woke again,
 "In ease and comfort, and security,
 "Not supposing any peril nigh."

 "This unfortunate example shews,
 "'Tis dangerous for guards to doze,
 "And that 'tis much the better way,

"To change 'em often in the day,
 "For if they sleep when weary grown,
 "The enemy unseen may take the town;
 "But when a weary guard must need a nap,
 "Why not set the usual gun and trap?"

"So that a whole creation here was lost,
 "While every soldier slumbered at his post!
 "What chastisement was suffered in this case,
 "Adam never told his race,
 "Except that part which fell to him.
 "This we all know was great enough,
 "So that the holy guards could not come off,
 "With less than loss of life or loss of limb.
 "For had they done their duty as they ought,
 "The arch seducer had been caught!"

"And why not pull the apples from the tree,
 "On such a terrible emergency?
 "For as our parents were not wise,
 "Before this opening of their eyes,
 "But were so blind they could'nt see
 "Each other, in a state of nudity,
 "Their judgment could'nt be so strong,
 "But 'twas an easy task to lead 'em wrong,
 "As unsuspecting, ignorant simplicity,
 "To cunning, is an easy prey."

"And as they never saw, nor knew deceit,
 "They hardly could suspect the cheat,
 "Especially when all around was good,

“And where’s there one amongst *us* would ?
 “For though we live ’mongst all that’s vile,
 “Where treachery lurks within a smile,
 “Where envy, hatred and uncharitableness,
 “Add to our faults and make our virtues less ;
 “Though we’ve been oftentimes betrayed,
 “Yet we confide as though we never had.
 “And we’ve less reason, I believe,
 “Than either Adam had or Eve.”

“He was but governed by his wife,
 “The least unusual thing in life ;
 “And had he left her wise alone,
 “With her eyes open, he’d have been undone.
 “He’d not be likely to be so unkind,
 “As to remain incurious and unmoved,
 “By charms that he so dearly loved,
 “She seeing and he blind !
 “And had he been of Eve deprived,
 “It isn’t likely he’d have lived,
 “As no man,
 “Would like to lose the only woman.
 “And then so beautiful a creature !
 “The finest piece of workmanship in nature.
 “And if he lost a rib when each one disobeyed,
 He’d shortly have to be remade !”

“With us it oft takes months to take a town.
 “A world was here, in less time overthrown,
 “In spite of Heaven’s utmost care,
 “Tho’ its own soldiery were there,

" And that too by a rampant thing,
 " Without an arm, or leg, or wing.
 " Yet no state since has used this force,
 " So preferable to foot or horse."

" The pestilence and fever and all these,
 " Were consequently all the works of hell,
 " And brought amongst us by the devil :
 " Or eat into the world like mites in cheese !
 " Or from Pandora's what d'ye you call it, sprung,
 " As a corrective to both old and young.
 " To amalgamate our pleasures with alloy,
 " That we mightn't die of joy.
 " As we should be like to linger after
 " Life, if losing it by ecstasy or laughter ;
 " Whereas we scarcely wish it to remain,
 " Under accumulated pain.
 " Tho' I should chuse beyond all measure,
 " Instead of aches and pains, to die of pleasure :
 " And when the last, sad, parting hour shall come,
 " To jig in raptures to the general home."

But orators who do mislead a nation,
 Richly deserve its execration,
 For logic is a kind of grape,
 Where nothing earthly can escape.
 Like fifty blunderbusses round you,
 'Tis sure to ground you.
 It makes contrarieties clear ;
 And then contrarieties disappear !
 Destroying rational opinions,

And substituting greatly worse ones.
 Works up the passions and the fears of men,
 To patriotism, treason, madness,
 And in a trice all's calm again,
 Contentedness and gladness.

I've seen a man of tolerable acquirements,
 Get so entangled in its wirements,
 That he stood staring like a stuck pig,
 Could neither move head, hand, nor leg ;
 But tweaked his whiskers or his wig.
 And in the agitation of his dread,
 Knew not if he were on his heels or head,
 Saying directly what he'd just unsaid,
 Unsayng what he'd said, again ;
 And then just like an ideot remain.

But in this selfish country, cash
 Is more esteemed than eloquence or logic ;
 You may exert them till you're sick,
 They're most unprofitable trash.
 They run their talented professor down,
 Both with the ministry and crown ;
 Unless 'tis used to enslave the state,
 Or to enoble what's degenerate ;
 And then 'tis pensioned and rewarded,
 And more than heaven itself, regarded !
 There's nothing monarchs hate so hearty,
 Except their rival Buonaparte,
 But he has disappeared some years ago,
 I cannot say exactly how,

Though Wellington and Sidmouth can,
 And others of that envious clan,
 Who'd take good care of such a man!
 The greatest general that e'er appeared,
 And keenest too of politicians,
 And therefore hated, envied, feared,]
 By vicious men in such conditions,
 Who care but little about human life,
 Or foreign or internal strife.
 Ambition is their ruling guide,
 And they ne'er dream of ought beside.-
 Washington had shared the self-same fate,
 But he was the salvator of a state,
 Who'd keep him sacred from the hands,
 Of such exterminating bands.

CHAP. IV.

CONTENTS.—Hob's musical talents and second song.—His precipitation from the coach.—Fall amongst the precipices.—Presence of mind and sensations in the descent.—Coolness and foresight indispensable in a general.—Consolations of faith.—Formation of water.—Its incompressibility.—Microscopic beauties of nature.—Animalcule.—Their nutritiousness and effect upon the viscera.—Aldermanic abstemiousness.—Melodious vibrations of the stomach.—Chapel chauntings and church tranquility.—Short-hand writers.

Hob's song, like electricity,
 Acted on the spirits of the whole,

Rousing each former torped soul,
 To humor, wit and eccentricity.
 Indeed it met with such applause,
 He'd have to exercise his jaws,
 Until they reached the breakfast inn;
 For they encored without and clapped within.

He was a most complacent man,
 Not one of those loud, boisterous brawlers,
 Those rude, uproarious, tavern squallers,
 Who will disturb a neighbourhood if they can.
 His voice was soft and as melodious,
 As the music in a watch,
 So that he could sing within a coach,
 Without its being harsh or odious.
 Though he loved singing, yet he ne'er intruded,
 As many rudely do, to speak,
 Talking flat nonsense for a week,
 Upon a subject over which they've brooded,
 Upon a subject fiddle-faddled,
 Which they have sat on, hatched and addled.
 He never pleaded cold and hemm'd and ha'd;
 And thus the company's amusement marr'd:
 But when society *would* have a song,
 He'd sing it them at once and then have done.
 Thus then he didn't make much pother,
 About the singing them another.
 So when the outsides had done hallooing,
 He cheerfully began the following.

HOB'S SECOND SONG.

Oh ! the days when we were young,
 All was frolic, all was gay,
 The longest day seem'd but begun,
 When ah ! it had passed away.

But now alas ! that we've grown old,
 The shortest day seems very long,
 And the nights are very cold ;
 It wasn't so when we were young.

The road along was deep and dirty,
 Frost broken up and very rutty.
 The coach in bobbing up and down,
 Had often complimented Hob,
 With a hard rap upon the nob,
 That is, had nearly cracked his crown.
 As it did back and forward swing,
 A jirk had snapt the hinder spring,
 The latch gave way, the door flew ope,
 And out rolled Hob, as flies a troie.

The vehicle just reached the ridge,
 Of a low brick and mortar bridge,
 Which joined two steepy parts together,
 Impassable in rainy weather :

And Hob went rattling down the steep,
Which might have proved a dreadful fall,
But 'twas of no consequence at all,
'Twas only ninety fathoms deep !

His clothes had all been rent to rags,
Against the rough, projecting crags,
That stood in horrible array,
Like bayonets on either way,
And each one, had it only brushed him,
Would infallibly have crushed him,
That is, have severed him in twain,
Retaining little but the stain ;
And as he'd fallen from point to point,
Each would have disjoined a joint ;
And long ere he had reached below,
He had been mangled, stiff and cold,
Nor to the world had ever told,
When he came there,—nor how.
No point had given him the smallest quarter,
Until his ruins reached the water.

No doubt each summerset he threw,
Dew drops of sweat as large as nutmegs.
'Twould have done so with me or you,
Tho' we'd alighted safe on legs.
Had we been only on a parapet,
And pushed off in a friendly way,
We should have sweated dreadfully, I say,
Ere we'd alighted in the street.

I have not heard that he roared out,
 To any of the gods to save him ;
 Or made the least ungentlemanly rout,
 Lest Beelzebub might shortly have him.
 He knew fate's dictates must be borne,
 And to oppose her would be vain ;
 Though he resigned himself with pain,
 He inward sigh'd,—“ fate's will be done.”

This puts me much in mind of faith !
 The moment that a man's obliged to die,
 She gets him quietly to leave his breath,
 That he may sing and fiddle in the sky.
 Perhaps 'twas this same feeling Hob had,
 Or otherwise he had gone mad ;
 And that he wasn't mad, we'll prove,
 By all the gods and goddesses above.

Now had he but alighted on a peak,
 As I have just this moment said,
 That peak had positively killed him dead,
 And eagles would have eat him in a crack ;
 But the instant that he looked around,
 Finding he'd no hope of quarter,
 He made directly from the rocky ground,
 Placing his head towards the water.

The mind that gives the immediate resource,
 Shews us the better gen'ral from the worse.
 When all is lost and he's well beat,
 He dosen't stay to be cut up,

And have his men made into soup,
 But prudently gives orders for retreat.
 He will not run until he's beaten,
 But when he is, he'll not be eaten ;
 Dilly, dallying his time away,
 Until he is obliged to stay;
 Devising this and t'other mode,
 Until they've blocked him up the road,
 And he can no longer fly,
 But must surrender up or die.
 Had Hob not instant had a plan,
 He would have been a dead man.

And let philosophers say what they will,
 'Bout incompressibility of water,
 I've said it and maintain it still,
 They know little of the matter !
 The particles, they say, are round,
 And stand upon each other just like peas,*
 Forming a body solid as the ground,
 And stretching into ponds and seas.
 As to the depth or breadth or the extent,
 This makes nothing in the argument.

This solid marble shot's put up in piles,
 A mass of it extends from pole to pole ;
 That is, a many thousand miles,
 A little portion only of the whole.
 Another's piled from east to west,

* See a microscopical account of the formation of water, in a variety of Treatises on this very interesting subject.

On which I'd nearly cracked a jest,
 But I adore creation's works,
 In spite of all her freaks and quirks.

(Having laid her beauties ope,
 By dint and aid of microscope,
 Which shews us that the fairest skin,
 Is in reality, shagreen !
 Yet so imperfect are our eyes,
 We see not the deformities ;
 But the instant that we use a glass,
 That shews us nature as she is—alas !
 Our admiration for her beauties cool !
 Where shall we find her beautiful?)

Thus ships must stick upon the sea,
 At least it seemeth so to me ;
 And that no one can e'er be drowned !
 Unless a hole be dug and he put in,
 'Bout eighteen inches 'bove the chin,
 Just as we bury creatures in the ground.

The part that reached the water first,
 Was this same self-directed nob,
 As I have said before of Hob :
 And yet it didn't burst !
 Which shews that skulls are greatly harder,
 Than the hardest particles of water ;
 And tho' philosophers refuse assent,
 We've demonstrated the event.

Philosophers too, tell us, water lives,
A mass of animalcule.

This I think likely, for one thrives
Less, upon turtle soup, than tea!
Indeed it must be food the most nutritious,
And not to take it copiously's flagitious.
'Tis the least trouble too,—no mastication :
All you have to do is,—open well your throat,
And down a solid line of it will float,
In one half instant's time, perhaps a nation !
Only for a moment ponder on't and think :
What ! eat up a whole nation at a drink !
If on such solid food we do not thrive,
We really don't deserve to live.

And when you see a mortal very fat,
Be certain that he lives on nought but that.

I could name a jolly alderman,
Who nought but water ever lived upon !
The world is shockingly malignant,
When it calls such people swines,
Only from envy, 'cause it can't,
Get turtle, venison and wines.

I say this portion of the population,
Is the most abstemious of the nation :
And at all their dinners they give quarter,
To every dish but water !

This I have e'er witnessed when there,
And with astonishment did stare.

But doctors are in doubt yet, whether,

Eating water doesn't harm us !
 They say that if the stomach wasn't leather,
 Water would very soon alarm us.
 That all the particles on which we've made remarks,
 Are armed with horns and nails and claws ;
 Have feelers, legs and head and jaws,
 A thousand times more terrible than sharks !
 And that when people have the gripes,
 'Tis only all these little pins at work,
 And don't suppose they're in the dark,
 For all the pores are pipes !
 That is to say, an arch or gate,
 Through which whole myriads emanate.
 These gates admitting many a ray,
 The stomach consequently is as light,
 And all its facets shine as bright,
 As polished steel by day.

 'Tis polished steel, I've little doubt,
 If we could find the secret out ;
 Because at every inspiration,
 There's an interior vibration,
 Or combination of soft sound,
 That echoes the concavity around.
 As when the breezes press the strings,
 Th' Eolian harp harmonious sings ;
 So the inflated and expansive lungs,
 Breathe over the vibrating tongs,
 Or forks or plates that line the chest,
 With which a portion of mankind are blest,
 Which plates in musical vibrations ring

To "Rule Britannia" or "God Save the King."

Yet singing I've heard reprobated,
 By people who live near a chapel.
 For such I'd never care an apple ;
 Tho' doubtless they are tolerably sated.
 But private ease ought ne'er to weigh,
 Against the souls of multitudes, I say :
 For how could grateful psalmsodies,
 Reach from the chapel to the skies ?
 The places being at so great a distance,
 It requireth the utmost breadth and length,
 And width and height and strength
 Of tone, to o'ercome the resistance.
 And knowing this, aloud they sing,
 Making the very church yard ring ;
 Tho' it does not seem quite in keeping,
 Where such a multitude lie sleeping.
 And many they'd not wish to see arise,
 Before their congregation in the skies ;
 Nor even there could they prevent it,
 And probably fate never meant it.

I should advise a law be made,
 To *oblige* all persons in a church to *squall* :
 And when the litany was being read,
 As loud as possible to bawl.
 At present it is often read so low,
 That one within's as much in doubt,
 As any one can be without,
 Whether any thing is read or no.

In most conventicles of ease,
 How very pretty are the glees !
 One starts off first and when he's got half way,
 Another one begins to bray.
 And when he's got 'bout three parts on,
 Then sixty more begin again !
 The glee is humbled jumbled all together,
 Like the elements in stormy weather.
 All the words become so blended,
 That no one
 Can recollect where he begun,
 Nor in a moment after, where he ended.
 When every part is sung by six or seven,
 Then joined by seventy or eighty more,
 What an intolerable bore
 'T must be, to the stenographers in heaven !
 For how is't they can possibly make out,
 What each separate petitioning's about ?

I'd take a speech in either house,
 For greatly less than thirty sous,
 But certainly not one of these,
 For even ten times thirty guineas.
 Because if we mistake a speech,
 'Tis but of privilege a breach,
 And so we can make reparation ;
 But blundering in the other case,
 We may send fifty of our race,
 Into an eternal condemnation !

CHAP. V.

CONTENTS.—*Hob's contact with the water.—Dreary break of day.—Thunder and lightning.—Trim, the sheep dog.—Sagacity of these animals.—Their reason and reflection.—Trim's disinterestedness.—The shepherd's despondency and its consequences.—Stretching neck machine.—Bad effects of long and short necks remedied.—Engine for the ladies.*

Hob reached the water with a crash,
 And made a hole in it so large,
 You'd have supposed 't had been a barge,
 He made so broad and thick a splash.

It took a minute's time or so,
 Before the atoms could be rallied,
 And this they found it difficult to do,
 Ere out again Hob sallied.

The circles from the centre ran,
 As large and deep as brewer's vats,
 Following each other one by one,
 As thick as shoals of sprats.

Hob in his early days could dive,
 And swim with any lad alive,
 But fear'd deprived him of his breath,
 Which he could not obtain beneath ;
 For his head had not a single gill,
 To separate the air at will.
 So he had no alternative,
 But reach the top or cease to live :

And this as quick as e'er he could,
Indeed one may suppose he would.

The morn had long shewn signs of breaking,
But 'twas in such a dismal way.
The clouds in looking on, were quaking,
Convulsed, just like a troubled sea :
And into lamentations broke,
Shooting shafts of fire and smoke !

Why should the greedy atmosphere,
Labour without ceasing the whole year,
Twitching up the excrement from coal,
And pigsty, pond and sough and pool,
And every inflammable exhalation,
That it can scrape together thro' the nation ?
Then falling into furious ire,
Set the whole assemblage on fire,
Knocking one's house about one's ears,
And making more ravages than bears !
Why not be content with simple rain ?
Raise it and let it down again !

Phœbus had linger'd past his hour,
And looked low spirited and sour.
He seem'd as he'd been raking over night,
And scarcely able to transmit his light.
Enough he sent however in each blink,
Or if you like it better,—wink,
To shew Hob tumbling in the bog,
To a lone, watchful, distant dog,

Attendant on a flock of sheep,
 That never let him sleep.
 Tho' day had just pushed back her portal,
 'Twas clear to him it was a mortal.

There is an amiableness in dogs,
 Never to be found in hogs.
 Kick 'em and cuff'em as you will,
 They pardon it and serve you still.
 I do not mean those dirty imps,
 So hugged and squeezed and kissed by ladies,
 Such as are chiefly in their heigh days;
 For me I'd rather kiss live shrimps !

I mean a sort of tutelary gods,
 Sent to each dwelling in each nation,
 Where they take up their hard abodes,
 Watching o'er mortals preservation.
 For if one sees you cut another's throat,
 And push him snugly under ground,
 There he is always to be found,
 Scratching and whining o'er the spot,
 Till by expressions of uneasiness and pain,
 He's got the body up again !

Hob had no sooner fallen than he left the sheep.
 Rushing impatiently towards the steep,
 And from each crag to crag did bound,
 As tho' he'd been on level ground :
 And in a minute and a quarter,
 He'd run a mile and reached the water.

His starting up had terrified the flock,
 And they'd dispersed from rock to rock ;
 The shepherd stood in mute surprise,
 Doubting his own eyes.

He really thought the dog was mad,
 And that the sheep had all run frantic ;
 And in the agony of despair, egad,
 His mind grew sick.

Without his flock he wouldn't for his life,
 Face his wife !

So up he got him on a tree.

His handkerchief so snug,

He fixed beneath his lug,

And off swung he !

But finding it devilish, uneasy moorage.

 Losing his courage,

With a little handy pocket knife.

 Again he let him into life,

And wasn't the worse for it a groat :

But lengthened out a little bit, his throat.

 Indeed I strongly recommend,

A sort of stretching neck machine,

 To be fixt on at either end,

 The man between :

And where the anatomy is not quite straight.

 Or where the head is all awry,

Might screw it to a very genteel gait,

 To be regulated by the doctor's eye.

And when that he observed the spine.

 In exact parallel with the line,

He could apply the thumb and finger
 To the stop, and let one quiet linger !
 Six weeks, I think, would be enough,
 To remedy all crooked stuff.
 None I'm convinced would hesitate,
 At six weeks for a genteel gait.
 And though he afterwards might have cachexy,
 He wouldn't die of apoplexy.
 The blood now having length to flow and then,
 Plenty of leisure to get back again.
 Not like a mad bull, rushing on the brain.
 And there in weighty sullenness remain !

And where the neck is long and thin.
 The self-same instrument could push it in.
 For where the vessels are so very lank,
 The brain is seldom highly fed,
 The soil becomes impoverished.
 Thus the materials of such a mind,
 Are little more than froth and wind,
 The tablets pretty nearly blank.

So, to make wise men out of asses,
 It doth require nothing more,
 As I've this instant said before,
 Than instrument and compasses !
 For leave the neck above a span,
 And you have spoiled the inward man.
 Had each large family a couple,
 They'd keep the whole of 'em straight and supple.

To ladies in particular who wish,
 To look a little dandyish,
 This engine would so lace the stays,
 They couldn't, like an S, turn different ways,
 Which now's too generally the case,
 With nineteen twentieths of the race.
 For this would keep'em in a line so straight,
 They'd get a most angelic gait.
 And by a little windlass, the waist,
 Could be compressed, with so much taste,
 That all the inner contour'd meet,
 And render it ridiculous, to eat.
 Which would improve the shape and size,
 And singularly economise.
 And did the Frenchman with his horse,
 But follow carefully this course,
 He would undoubtedly succeed,
 In a most economic breed.

In contemplation I've a plan,
 For rectifying all the ills of man,
 Be they a bodily or mental evil;
 You've only rightly to adjust the scale,
 Off come the cloven foot and tail,
 And instant you've a genteel devil!

CHAP. IV.

CONTENTS.—*Trim's fortitude.—Shortness of the longest life.—Methuselah.—Trim's humanity overcometh his dislike to water.—Hob's consternation and battle with Trim.—Danger of interfering in matrimonial quarrels.—Hob subdued and saved.—The soul not amphibious.—Hob's gratitude and Trim's disinterestedness.—Moral reflections on gratitude.—French not addicted to this virtue.—Duty of kings.*

When Trim had reached the water side,
 He didn't repent of what he'd done :
 Nor walk about to cool his hide,
 For fear of constipation.

Not like millions of us mortals,
 Who 'gainst distress will close our portals,
 Carefully shunning nature's cries,
 And all benevolent infirmities.
 To witness misery's no pleasure,
 So 'tis a very prudent measure,
 To leave distress to pine and die,
 Unbefriended and in agony.
 The wretch can never go but once,
 So when—'tis of no consequence !
 For when e'en fifty years are gone,
 They are indeed the same as one !
 All sink into the self-same sea,
 That circles round eternity.

The longest or the shortest span,
 The youngest or the oldest man,
 Each has lived as long as t'other,
 Or as ever will, another ;
 Why then such dread anxieties,
 Whether one lives now or dies ?
 Of myriads ninety years ago,
 Scarcely one existeth now !
 Take the space of the two oldest both in,
 It just amounts to what ?—to nothing !

Methuselah that long-lived man was born,
 Lived many hundred years on earth,
 But when he'd reached th' extremity of birth,
 One instant after, he was gone !
 How greatly different's eternity,
 From the rules of earth's geometry,
 Tho' they both run the self-same race,
 Measuring space.

Add but one line to a man's nose,
 You'd furnish him a different spouse.
 Some ladies like it short—some long,
 Others care nought about it, if he's young.
 Whereas, upon eternity's broad face,
 Thousands of noses spring each day;
 And thousand others pass away,
 Without a seam or an unsightly place !

Trim never went in search of plank,
 Or even of a fisher's boat,
 In which to paddle or to float,

Although he possibly might sink.
 His health was e'er robust and sound,
 For bathing then he ne'er had need.
 He ne'er preferred the water to the ground ;
 He was'nt of that breed.

If ever he'd a league to run,
 And he could shorten it o'the half by sea,
 He would trot ten beneath the burning sun,
 Rather than pass it, if above the knee !
 He'd sooner run until he fainted,
 Preferred to sweat himself to death,
 Foaming and gasping for a breath,
 Than swim a river to be sainted.
 But Trim is not the only one we see,
 With this singular antipathy.

His scruples were all laid aside,
 Headlong he rushed into the tide,
 And in an instant reached the place,
 Where Hob was floundering on his face,
 And eager pulled him towards shore,
 What could St. Peter have done more ?

Hob feeling something pull him on,
 Turned him in terror to see what it was.
 Imagining he saw a hairy man,
 Tight fastened to him by the jaws !
 The fall was nothing to what he felt,
 And he had prayed could he have knelt,
 For without kneeling, Hob thought praying,
 As efficacious as braying.

He'd no doubt 'twas a monster of the deep,
 That in his oozy bed does fast and sleep,
 Until fate sendeth him a man or sheep.

Hob ever was a ready man,
 At an expedient or a plan.
 While others thought of the best mode to get it,
 He would have caught the game and eat it.
 He seldom at such moments made a fuss,
 Or with himself held long debate,
 Whether he should make a circumbendibuss,
 Or go at it straight.

But what in this emergency to do,
 He was at a loss to know;
 And having but an instant left,
 Of reason too almost bereft,
 He threw him on his back to float,
 That he might seize the monster by the throat.
 For should he get him under water,
 He felt he'd shew him little quarter.

So Hob prepared for his defence,
 Gave kicks and cuffs and blows immense.
 He'd nearly poked Trim out an eye, and then,
 As nearly poked it in again.

This bringeth to my mind a man and wife,
 Right in the middle of a quarrel;
 Let them continue as they please, the strife,
 With poker, shovel, broom, or barrel.

Be cautious ne'er to interfere,
 Or you may lose an eye or ear.
 A friend of mine, benevolently human,
 Once interfered to save the woman :
 But she, enraged at the intrusion,
 Threw headlong at his head, a stool,
 Which made so frightful a contusion,
 He ever afterwards remained a fool !
 You'll find it always an ungrateful office,
 Altho' you may come off with less.

Well ! notwithstanding Hob's insanity,
 Trim wouldn't be drubbed from his humanity ;
 And as Hob thought his race was run,
 He inward sigh'd—"fates' will be done."
 And offering no more resistance,
 Trim drew him to the bank at once ;
 Just like a frigate in a convoy,
 Lugs on a haystack or a hoy ;
 Dipping it head o'er in spray,
 It driveth upwards in the way,
 The shock vibrating thro' each plank,
 From head to stern, from lar to starboard side,
 Till every seam has opened and drank,
 A tide.

So Hob in bobbing under water,
 Had drunk, if not a tide, at least a quarter ;
 Because his belly when he reached the shore,
 Was three times bigger than before.
 And 'twould have been much bigger still,
 (For all he drank was 'gainst his will ;)

But ever and anon,
 His mouth he got his hand upon,
 Or it had all rushed down the hole,
 Carrying away with it the soul!
 For mortal souls are not amphibious,
 But like to inhabit a dry house.
 This proves that fishes have no souls,
 Unless those oily monsters near the poles,
 Who're popping up their noses here and there,
 To carry down a little air.
 Perhaps 'tis air they live upon,
 As upon water does an alderman !

Hob had no sooner sallied from the lake,
 Than he discovered his mistake.
 Instead of monster that would have him,
 Fate had clearly sent the dog to save him,
 'Thinking he could not survive the fall,
 So as to get out alone at all.
 For who'll believe that fate can sport,
 With human souls of any sort ?
 This would exhibit nature cruel,
 As if we made a fire to warm a man,
 And afterwards do all we can,
 To push him in't and then add fuel !
 This I'll not credit nature ever did,
 In spite of all philosophers have said.

Hob numbering Trim among his friends,
 Resolved to make him all amends.
 To take him home, to live in quiet,

Sheltered from hunger, wet and riot.
 To wear a silver collar all his days,
 With a verse on it in his praise.
 T'enjoy a soft and separate mat,
 Apart from every dog and cat.

This is a feeling I so like to see,
 Gratitude is every thing with me ;
 Whether in individuals or a nation,
 It raises each above his station,
 Gives one an idea of the blest abodes,
 Where man does less resemble man, than gods !

The French have nought of gratitude,
 Or they would bless us for a king so good.*
 Taking from them one so fond of boxing,
 Wrangling and quarreling and hoaxing !
 Kings should desire a nation's good,
 Be ever ready for't to spill their blood ;
 For what's a king in every nation ?
 He's but the head executor in station !
 Appointed for the public good,—the elf,
 And not appointed for himself.
 To deal out justice thro' the land,
 To poor and rich with an impartial hand.
 To suffer nought but virtue near the throne.
 To husband carefully the public purse,
 Not squander it on favorites alone,
 And fripperies and mistresses and *worse* !

* Louis the 18th, who was on the Throne of France when this was written.

CHAP. VII.

CONTENTS.—*Trim's sense of duty and forbearance in hunger.—Vain parade of charity.—Dogs superior to human nature.—The Shepherd's ecstasy.—Shepherds and shepherdesses of ancient and modern times.—Invention of the organ.—Innate liberality of ministers.—Lungs the human organ.—Not clearly defined by anatomists.—Madam Catalani.—Invasion of England by Napoleon.—Intended visit to London.—Disinterestedness towards the citizens.—His tour to Moscow.—Frozen French army.—Dead and dying described.—Frost the ablest general.—Soldiers the monsters of creation.—Single combat between kings and ministers recommended.*

Trim had accomplished his generous part,
 Which few of us will follow him in ;
 Then with vivacity and a light, good heart,
 Upwards from peak to peak he sprang again,
 Not waiting for the least applause,
 Nor any thing so needful for his jaws ;
 For famine shewed his every rib and joint,
 On every point.
 Had it so happened Hob had had a bone,
 He would have knawed it as he'd upwards flown !

In doing good, why such parade ?
 Why are the papers daily made,
 Unto our vanity the stepping stone,
 For which we're charitable, alone ?
 Mercy has nought to do in the affair,
 'Tis vanity which puts us there !

So vanity we see then must be fed,
 That the poor and destitute be nourished !
 For if 'twere left alone to mercy's will,
 Destitute they would continue still,
 Until the wretchedness of destitution,
 Were terminated by a dissolution.

Trim knew the sheep would all disperse,
 And that he'd get his master's curse,
 And curses from the mildest shepherds,
 Are not the gentlest of words.
 So he would not appear o' the plain,
 Until he had collected them again.
 He didn't care about his breakfast,
 Nor know his master'd had his neck fast ;
 For if he had,
 The dog would really have gone mad !

For a dogs's superior to human nature !
 'Cause he's a grateful, faithful creature !
 Both virtues never found in men,
 At most, in only one of ten.
 Tho' they monopolize all soul and sense,
 And christian-like intelligence ;
 And yet fidelity and gratitude,
 Are articles of the christian code !
 That dogs are moved by christianity,
 Few I fancy will agree.
 If not, they're guided by some other rules,
 Not taught in any of our christian schools !
 But far more perfect, by the bye,

Than the rules of our morality !

The shepherd mournful and in mute suspense,
 Had sat him down beneath a tree,
 Deprived of reason and of sense,
 His head and elbow on his knee,
 In sighs bewailing his sad destiny.
 He'd taken Trim upon the mountain's steep,
 For some dog worrying his sheep ;
 But the instant he discovered that 'twas Trim,
 He leaped upon his legs to fly to him.

How much our forefathers exaggerated things,
 Shepherds and Shepherdesses,—*queens and kings* !
 Their lambs so snowy and weigh'd down with roses,
 With flower baskets, painted crooks and posies !
 The lad so gentlemanly with his flute,
 The lass so lady-like with lute !
 Chaunting all the sweets of all the springs,
 And all the beauties summer brings.
 Sauntering through woods and fields and groves,
 Talking of nothing but their loves !
 Each little whistler on each spray,
 Warbling to charm their hours away,
 Not caring for itself a cherry,
 So it could make those happy creatures merry !

How often grand inventions spring,
 From a mere accident in the beginning ;
 One man becomes more curious than the rest,
 And thus mankind is ever blessing,—blest.

A sportsman once upon a time, 'tis said,
 Shot a little whistler through the head,
 What followed's a phenomenon indeed,
 For he continued whistling when dead !
 Examining with care the bird about,
 He found a perforation just behind,
 Emitting wind,
 A tubicular communication with the throat,
 And with the aid of microscope,
 (Having laid the passage ope,)

He met with a capillary, piped instrument,
 Gradated evidently with the intent,
 Of producing little threads of tones,
 With louder and yet louder ones ;
 Each valve close fitted and each part well set,
 In the most perfectly mechanic state.
 So that he had nothing more to do,
 Then multiply progressively by two,
 Which gave us the church organ, as 'tis now !

And yet, this most sublime invention,
 Ne'er gave to its imaginer a pension,
 So it is certain he was not a Briton,
 Or sinecure or pension he'd have hit on.
 For ministers reward all sorts of merit ;
 A virtue that they all inherit !
 One gets it from the one before,
 He from another o'er and o'er ;
 Not as of old, by inspiration,
 Because it travelleth with the station,
 And is an heir-loom of the post,

Not as was anciently the case,
 With the apostolic race,
 Which came directly from the Holy Ghost !
 Because, however ignorant when chosen,
 The judgment suddenly becomes unfrozen,
 And they all clearly understand each matter ;
 So that 'tis the momentary gift of nature !
 Because without premeditation,
 They carry on the wisest legislation ;
 And never cogitate upon the thing,
 More than the commons, lords or king !
 Are at the moment, (uninspired,)
 With Isaiah's wisdom fired !

Each mortal who melodiously does chaunt,
 Has got an organ similar no doubt.
 I wonder no anatomist has found it out !
 Many perhaps have tried and can't ;
 For the organ of a Catalani,
 Would fetch a monstrous deal of money.
 Thousands would be upon the list,
 For preference with the anatomist.
 For oft a harsh and inharmonious voice,
 Accompanies a heavenly form and face,
 Where centre every elegance and grace,
 With every rude, discordant noise.
 Oh ! could we remedy such incongruities !

But if our ancestors did not exaggerate,
 Why all this change in lamb-watching of late ?
 Is it that *our* sheep are so degenerate ?

Why so degrade an occupation,
 The prettiest and most charming in the nation ?
 Our shepherds and our shepherdesses,
 Have scarcely now a rag to form a dress.
 Know nought of garlands, nor of painted crooks,
 Never saw a lute nor jesmin'd brooks,
 Feel nothing of the beauty of the seasons,
 But only feel their rigour when it comes.
 Exposed upon the mountain's brow,
 To the bleak blast and sleet and snow,
 Poor, hungry, hutless, and the Lord knows how !

This brings to mind those envious elves,
 Who meant to share the world amongst themselves.
 With the exception tho', of little Britain,
 Whose silvery cliffs they could'nt get on.
 They thought however that in skiffs,
 On every dark and misty, rainy night,
 When all our wooden-watch were out of sight,
 Some thousands now and then might climb the cliffs.
 For Buonaparte he loved London so,
 He wished to pass a winter here or two.
 He knew the cits have waggon loads of money,
 But he was too liberal to accept of any.
 Much less to seize on it by force,
 As that would be than robbery, worse.

But luckily the occasion ne'er presented,
 For him to visit us, had e'en he meant it;
 For wishing for a little winter's frolic,
 From which the Lord defend us ever,

And from everything diabolic,
 In that style, only half as clever,
 To Russia he resolved to go,
 Not by water, but by snow.

As snow is nothing more than rain,
 He would have water all the way, 'twas plain.
 And water's the most nutritious food of all,
 So he would go provisioned well!

With this and plenty of good ammunition,
 He would reach Moscow, in a good condition!

But in the hurry of a preparation,
 To see the chieftain of the Cossac nation,
 He did'nt recollect that snow's congealing,
 And that his warriors carried feeling.

For tho' he couldn't think it warm,
 He thought perhaps, 'twould do no harm.

Probably he meant to march 'em right
 Thither, without stopping day or night!

And exercise, all of us know,
 Is an antidote against frost and snow.

His surgeons he did not consult perchance,
 To give his soldiers knee-bone strength,
 Sufficient to support 'em such a length,
 For in reality, it is a distance.

From this neglect sprung all those woes,
 Which all the world has heard and knows,
 As regiments sinking down to rest,
 But never to get up again;
 Found in the morning on the plain,

In the position that they fell at first !
 Looking at each other with a steady stare,
 As if to ask what each was doing there !
 Some half rising, fixed in that position !
 Some half fallen backwards, in the same condition !
 Whole squadrons of piquets and sentries,
 All stiffened to the same nonentities !
 Each man his sabre, horse and all,
 Regardless of the force of any ball,
 Which hitting, must rebound again, or fall.

Myriads after many a weary league,
 Fell faint with hunger and fatigue,
 Without a shelter from the inclement night ;
 And long ere the return of light,
 Long ere they beheld again the morn,
 Every miserable soul had flown,
 And each stiff, lifeless mansion lay,
 Strew'd here and there upon the way !

Legions, the terror of each nation round,
 Now lay in quiet on the chilling ground !
 Nor more at their ambitious lord's command,
 To carry blood and slaughter thro' a land ;
 Ever eager for the sanguinary blow,
 That would lay a nation low.

So may the tear of pity never flow,
 For those who feel not other's woe ;
 But history their murderous deeds enrol,
 In execration's blackest scroll !

Soldiers are the monsters of creation !*

Murderers by avocation !

Who for a trifle, sword in hand,

Will plunder and lay waste a land !

Because their governments will not agree,

'Bout what each citizen can't remedy !

On all occasions of invasion,

The rule should be, annihilation !

To all who land with such intent,

Or on whatever object bent.

'Tis justice to oppose aggression,

And virtue to destroy oppression,

On every myrmidon engaged,

A war exterminating should be waged !

Soldiers are the tyrants of each state !

Because they're tyranny's protectors !

Responsible for laws that *they* create,

* When a man is about to become a soldier, he goes to those who hold the public purse, and proposes, if they will consent, that he also be permitted to take from it daily just as much as will shelter him from famine, they may make what laws they please to plunder, imprison, or enslave their fellow citizens ! That if they offer any opposition, he will shoot or sabre them without mercy ; man, woman, and child ! That if at any time it suits their ambition to land him on a foreign shore, he will burn down the towns and cities, and put every inhabitant to the sword ; although he might previously never have seen them, nor received any injury at their hands ! That if he hesitates, or flinches in the performance of these monstrous and sanguinary obligations, or places himself by drunkenness, or otherwise, in a condition not to be able to carry them into rigid effect, then he agrees to be tied up to the triangles, and have his flesh torn from his bones with knotted whip-cord ! Yet the citizens sympathise with the soldier ! which seems as natural as that eels should insist upon being skinned ! My opinion is, that every soldier, from the Commander-in-chief to the drummer, should be flogged every morning, as a small atonement for the misery such an unnatural occupation entails upon the human race !

If it were not for the soldier, there would be no bad laws and no oppressions in a state ; because no tyrant would venture to propose them ! The soldier, therefore, as the protector of the tyrant, is the cause of all the want and wretchedness and mischiefs that overwhelm a nation ! How then can the citizen, in reason, feel commiseration for the soldier ?

Of all the evils they become projectors ;
 And thus each nation's quickly strewed,
 With demons thirsting for its blood !
 Or in the blood of foreign lands,
 E'er ready to imbrue the hands !
 Inflicting on mankind its every ill,
 To satisfy th' ambition of one will,
 One solitary will, that oft has hurled,
 In madness, misery around the world !

How is't that monarchs can't agree,
 And cease all envious rivalry ?
 It seldom is the general will,
 The body of each state is friendly still.
 How can I hate a man, I ne'er shall see ?
 And how can that same man, hate me ?
 Let those alone who do provoke a war,
 Decide it 'mongst themselves then, hand to hand :
 They are the best to do it, far,
 And not afflict the land.
 Quarrels would ne'er begin or end with ease,
 Decided by such modes as these.
 'Twould curb each monarch's wild ambition,
 And benefit each state's condition.
 Each minister would think, before
 He'd bring war's horrors round his door !
 Thus state with state would e'er agree,
 And all mankind would live in harmony !

CHAP. VIII.

CONTENTS.—*Hob's awkward condition and perplexity.—Delight on reaching the mountain's top.—Discovers a neighbouring village.—The country people had descended the crags in search of him.—Their terror when meeting him on the road.—Believing it to be his ghost they fly in consternation.—Hob overtakes his fellow travellers.—General joy at meeting.—Pieces copied from the walls and windows of the Inn.*

Hob had now half resolved to creep,
 From point to point the craggy steep,
 Hoping that some village might be nigh,
 Where he could get refreshed and dry,
 Procure another wig and hat,
 To cover up his frozen pate,
 But not a foot-path could he trace,
 Throughout the dreary wilderness.
 All was rock piled on rock around,
 And brambles intertwined the ground,
 And reptiles hissed, as tho't had been,
 To give more horror to the scene.
 But here of course he couldn't stay,
 So to the bridge he bent his way.

After much toil he reached the top,
 Which crowned at once his fainting hope :
 For just adjacent to the neigh'ring wood,
 A comfortable village stood,

Where, when the coach had reached the inn,
 The lamentable tale was told,
 Which horror struck both young and old ;
 No one expecting to see Hob again.

Several had descended the whole ridge,
 Others watched anxiously o' the bridge ;
 But nought of Hob could they descry,
 And Joan remained to learn his destiny.

The moment he appeared then in the place,
 Wet and weary, without wig and sad ;
 Dirty, dejected, with a death, pale face,
 They thought it was his ghost, egad !
 Each ran as fast as e'er he could,
 To say, Hob's ghost was on the road !
 No one had courage to come nigh him,
 Lest he might eat him, boil him, fry him !
 But shortly after he had reached the inn,
 And changed his clothes, 'twas Hob again !
 And as the coach would stop till two,
 At the next village, 'bout a mile or so,
 He travelled fast as e'er he could,
 To join his comrades of the road,
 And at the unexpected meeting,
 'Twas universal joy and greeting.
 He told 'em his adventures in the water,
 Till each one had the stitch with laughter.

Hob ne'er enjoyed his breakfast more,
 He ate as much as three or four,

Of eggs, tea, coffee, fowls and ham ;
 And everything, both cold and warm.
 And when the morn's repast was done,
 Each read the news or sauntered thro' the town.

Hob now a prey to idleness,
 Happily espied upon the glass,
 Of almost every window pane,
 Some pieces, written neat and plain.
 Some few were amatory,
 Others, defamatory ;
 And some a critique on the times :
 With epigram and epitaph,
 Which made old Hob immoderately laugh,
 At such a jumble of odd rhymes !
 With other scraps original,
 In different places on the wall.

STANZAS ON THE WINDOWS AND WALLS OF THE INN.

ON SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Peel, when he was our holy hope,*
 Was all ambitious of a world to come !

* Peel strenuously declared that whatever alteration his political creed might undergo, his protestant ascendancy principles would remain unchangeable ; but when he ascertained his opposition to Catholic Emancipation would be likely to interfere with the plans of his avarice and ambition, he was the first to turn round and advocate it !

But since he's been a convert to the Pope,
 And carried his allegiance to Rome ;
 And since he's got each relative in place,
 And so, provided for the race,
 He thinks the world to come, 'tis clear,
 Of less importance than the world that's here.

LOUIS—LE DÉSIRÉ.

The eighteenth Louis then is gone !
 All's vanity beneath the sun,
 And sad vexation of the spirit !
 The palace porters will be glad,*
 'Tho' all the nation weeps and seems half mad,
 For this great polypus in weight and *merit* !

There's witching charm in royalty,
 That we the vulgar cannot see,
 And therefore in reality can't know ;
 When dying monarchs in a chair,
 Scarce knowing what or where they are,
 Sit up to get a curtesy or a bow !
 There must be something in these sort of things,
 Most exquisite indeed to queen and kings !

* Long before his death, Louis had become so fat and cumbrous, that he was obliged to be moved about by hand and by machinery ! In a state of semi-ideotcy, and seated in a chair, he held his levees, to receive the adulation of his male and female, court sycophants !

But if plebeian bows a *monarch* charm,
 How must a *royal* bow the bosom warm !
 Lord ! it must set the senses nearly *wild* !
 No matter that the thing be *so far gone*,
 That if it nods or bows or winks at one,
 It knows no more about it than a child !
 Were I to get but one such nod or wink,
 I should go *raving with delight*, I think !

This great, good monarch's then no more !
 How must the French the loss deplore,
 Unless that Charles the tenth's as great and good.
 If not, it need not much distress the land,
 As they've the remedy at hand,
 By carving Charles the *eleventh* out of *wood* !

ODE TO NAPOLEON.

At length thou'rt numbered with the dead !
 And whither has thy restless spirit fled ?
 Art thou all tranquil now and calm ?
 Or but translated to some other sphere,
 Like unto where ye were,
 To keep alive wild war's alarm ?
 Art thou the chief of some terrific band,
 Carrying destruction thro' each land ?

The few brief moments that thou wert on earth,

Mankind's misery seemed thy mirth ;
Nought e'er delighted but the game of death !

And is it so exquisite a thing to see

Thousands in tortured agony,

At the last gasp of breath ?

If so, ambition's an incarnate devil,

A desolating fiend of evil !

When chosen by the general voice,

And thou wert a great monarch named,

Reason could not have disapproved the choice,

For thou wert greatly, fairly famed.

Thine hand unreddened with thy country's blood,

And high in talent and in might ye stood.

All the crowned heads in Europe joined,

In intellect thou left'st behind !

The merest dolls and puppets of the state !

Hadst thou but courted peace instead of war,

Thou would'st have been secure, and far

Beyond the reach of every evil fate.

One kingdom wouldn't satisfy thy soul ;

Nought less than *grand director of the whole !*

And here thou erred'st, thinking thyself all might,

Like Satan, when he sought the upper world ;

But thou becam'st exhausted in the flight,

And head-long downwards thou wast hurled.

Thou fell'dst—for ever fallen to remain,

And like that demon—ne'er to rise again !

Thou might'st have been the grand foundation stone,
 Of a vast, powerful throne,
 The great ancestor of a brilliant race ;
 Who now have vanished from the earth,
 Lost in their embryo birth,
 Nor left behind a single trace !
 Thy wild ambition has restored a hated line.
 Whilst gone—for ever gone is thine !

ON LORD LONDONDERRY.

Ignorance in place is always vain,
 Fancies itself a most important creature,
 Is always ready, loudly to complain,
 If not adored, as something beyond nature.
 When its protector's in disgrace,
 And ignorance can't keep it place,
 Just like a jack-daw, how it chatters,
 Says thousands of the silliest of things,
 'Gainst many much superior beings,
 Whom with its blackguardisms, it bespatters.
 Tho' talking nonsense and for ever wrong,
 'Thas too much vanity to hold its tongue

ODE TO DEATH.

Why death, thou must an idiot be,
To take away the undertaker !
'Twas he sent every soul to thee,
That ever left its maker !

The moment that on earth it came,
The priest, he gave the thing a name,
It lived as long as e'er it could ;
But when the doctor cut its thread in two,
The undertaker sent him you below,
Neatly packed up in wool and wood ;
With name and age and history and place,
So it was easy to tick off the race !

But now the undertaker's gone,
How can these things be clearly known ?
So send him back, without delay.
When packed and marked and numbered for the route,
An error may be easily found out,
And none by accident can lose his way.

How can a Waterloo or Jeffries be known,
If they're not rightly ticketed when gone ?
Some Billy Bodkin may usurp the name,
And rob these *slaughtermen* of their *just* fame !

ON THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

I'm glad to see this change completed,
 Am quite delighted thou'st retreated,
 As we've now hopes of reformation.
 As long as thou hadst kept thy seat,
 And thrown thy tory brethren meat,
 In vain had we petitioned for salvation.
 'Twas but a loss of ink and asses' skin,
 To send such ludicrous entreaties in!

ANTIGONUS' PRAYER.

"The Lord protect me from my friends!"
 Was Antigonus' frequent prayer.
 "This wish obtained, all my ambition ends,
 As from mine enemies I've nought to fear."

The thing at first sight seems a little odd, for
 Antigonus to pray to God for;
 But yet I somehow think him wise.
 Against false friends 'tis sometimes hard,
 To be sufficiently upon our guard;
 The thing's much easier against enemies.
 For where is he whom poverty's overtaken,
 That hasn't been betrayed,—forsaken?

TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



Fortune, that old procuress raised thee up,
 Tho' not with the appropriate rope ;
 But thou art of the herd that she adores.
 Hadst thou two grains of decent sense,
 To her protection thou'dst have no pretence ;
 No, on thy captain-ship she'd shut her doors !
 Unto posterity thou'dst ne'er be known,
 Thy name scarce read on a recording stone !

To her thou art indebted for thy fame.
 What hast thou done that should deserve thy name ?
 At *Waterloo* thou certainly must *blush* !
 There thou wert *taken by surprise* !
 Unless all public report tells lies ;
 Fortune just *saved* thee, at the very brush !
 Had she not o'er thee thrown her shield,
 Thou hadst been led a captive from the field !

Hadst thou a single plan laid down,
 To take or to defend a town,
 Or if 'twere needful, make retreat ?
 I think, thou hadst not thought about it,
 And from thy ball-room gambols, who can doubt it ?
 But then thy *men* where not so easy beat !
 And fortune favored thee in Russia's snow,
 'Twas there she struck for thee the blow.

A pretty sort of general thou must be !

Instead of *harrassing thine enemy*.
 Thou wert caught *dancing* at thy post !
 'Twere well thou'dst officers of merit,
 And men of bold, undaunted spirit,
 Or that day *thou hadst Europe lost !*
 The star'd and ribbon'd, capering man of war,
 Had graced Napoleon's triumphant car !

ON JOHN THE VI.
 LATE KING OF PORTUGAL.

Thank God, another ideot's gone !
 Thus monarchs drop off one by one,
 And yet so numerous the race is,
 That tho' one royal pigsty be extinct,
 They're all so interwoven and so linked,
 We've always plenty to fill up the places.

Of all the talents he could boast,
 You'd find as much in any post ;
 A wide-mouthed, gawky, maniac thing !
 Paltry and ignorant and vain and proud,
 The tyrant and the crack-joke of the crowd,
 In short, he was in all things—*quite a KING !*

NOBLE SYMPATHY.

When Ellenborough's flighty spouse,
 Was brought before the Upper-house,
 The sight was comical enough, egad !
 Each member rubbed his doubtful brow,
 Just where the decorations grow,
 And scores went nearly mad !

ODE TO THE LAUREATE.

Southey, thou art a courtly bard,
 And well deservest thy reward,*
 For preaching 'gainst *what formerly thou prayed'st for!*
 That is, thou only seemed'st in prayer,
 Thou never wert in earnest, that I'll swear;
 Besides, this thing's done every day, in law !
 Thou took'st one side—they badly paid thee !
 So t'other soon a *convert* made thee !

* Southey has been receiving his pension as Laureate for many years, without writing one solitary birth-day or new-year's ode to commemorate the great actions of the three great kings, his benefactors ! The country has probably lost nothing by this omission, and it seems to have occasioned Peel, that patron of loyalty, such an ecstacy of delight, that he has recently saddled him upon the revenue for £300 a year additionally, as long as it may please heaven to dispense with his presence amongst its saints and angels !

And then thy *public* denunciation !
 Thy talking of thyself with *execration* !
 Why all this did thee greater good.
 Paul never had been half so much revered,
 Nor half the saint he afterwards appeared,
 Had he not thirsted first for Christian blood.
 But having persecuted them with all his might,
 None doubted he'd received *new light* !

Besides thou didst just what thou shouldst have done,
 Wert horror-*struck*, like the repentant son,
 Camest sick at heart, and said thou'dst sinned indeed !
 The *palace* gave a *joyful groan*,
 Placed on thy brow the laurel crown,
 And sent to kill the fatted calf, with speed !
 Clad thee, carest thee, kindly took thee home,
 As thou'dst a righteous thing become !

Just as is the case in heaven,
 One hardened sinner that repents,
 Meets with more love than six or seven,
 Because he's *sinned* and then *relents* !
 Whereas the other virtuous six,
 Might live unnoticed there for weeks !

By thee all sovereignty was abhorred,
 But now of course 't must be adored,
 His majesty's so generous, so good !
 Thou must write cart-loads of fine things,
 About the most munificent of kings,

At least an anthem to him—that you should.
 Had I enjoyed, thou happy dog, thy lot,
 I would have written Lord knows what!

ODE TO EVERY MINISTRY.

A king should be at awful distance kept,
 Ne'er 'mongst the herd of mankind heaped,
 But curtained off from vulgar gaze;
 For when in stature, form and features,
 We see him like all other creatures,
 It damps our admiration's blaze;
 And grinning we exclaim—Lord this a king?
 What majesty so *mean-looking a being*?

The Lord's annointed was a happy thought!
 How much of adoration hath it caught,
 That heaven's self should choose the man!
 So thus we fancy a superior race,
 Were made expressly for the place,
 Upon a much sublimer plan;
 Of a material above our clay,
 A sort of under deity!

But when he grows familiar to our eyes,
 How very comical is our surprise!

We blush to think that we have been so gulled !
 The moment we discover, that in mind,
 He's far beneath the medium of mankind,
 Lord ! how we laugh, to see we've been so fooled !
 Formed 'mongst the ideots of creation,
 And lifted by servility to elevation.

So that I say, when once he's there,
 To keep the mind in dread and awe and fear,
 Like Grecian Oracles in days of yore ;
 Or like those simple nations of the east,
 Who worship some terrific, unseen beast,
 We should be taught to reverence and adore,
 A *thing*, that should we only but *once* see,
 Excites our risibility !

ODE' TO LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

I only have applauded thee in verse,
 I am thy laureate then, of course,
 And to the world thy praise I've sung ;
 I've deified thee in my lays,
 Beyond all orators of ancient days,
 Who have been poisoned, shot or hung !
 Unto posterity I've sent thy name,
 With every sort of senatorial fame.

Cicero, compared with thee,
 Was a mere puddle to a sea!
 And then thy repartee and wit!
 Shakespear, Moliere, and such like folk,
 Where the mere shadows of a joke,
 Each a hedge sparrow or tom-tit!
 Thou hast said more in one debate,
 Than all the three, at any rate!

To hear thee is a downright charm!
 The very house is in alarm!
 The moment thou essay'st to speak.
 The lords with arms a kimbo sit,
 Ecstatic listen to thy wit,
 And there they'd sit for a whole week,
 And would alternate laugh and cry,
 And never know the reason why!

How enviable's my happy fate!
 Who've all these things in verse to state;
 And what is far more happy yet,
 I'm to be made the lord knows who,
 If what report has said, be true,
 At least a something very great!
 I only wait to know just when,
 As *thy biography* begins from *then*!

THE TWO LORD CHANCELLOR-FRIENDS.

SUGDEN.

As thou hast abandoned thy seat,*
 And left that old, musty retreat,
 Say, where shall I give thee a call?

BROUGHAM.

Where call? why Lord then don't you know,
 Since I've added to Brougham, the VAUX!
 I have bought up and lived at VAUXHALL?
 And the entrance and beef and the rest of the fare,
 And the music and dancing are, *just as they were!*

EPIGRAM.

ON SIR W. CURTIS, Bt. Br., Bt., Br., A., M., M. P.†

Thou art a happy bon vivant!
 A venison, champagne and turtle man.
 Of fortune, one of the most favored chicks.
 Affluent and ignorant, luxurious and at ease,
 A stranger to life's tempestuous seas,
 In punch-bowl comfort, thou wilt pass the styx.

* Brougham Hall, in Westmoreland.

† Biscuit Baker, Banker, Baronet, Alderman, Mayor, and Member of Parliament.

Thy body's bulky, small is Charon's boat,
 Be careful then thou keep'st afloat,
 For one additionally heavy hamper
 Of meats and soups and burgundy, might swamp her !

EPITAPH ON SIR W. CURTIS, BART.

Here lies the greatest epicure that lived,
 Whose whole felicity was eating, drinking !
 Illiterate as pack-horse, yet he thrived,
 Without the trouble e'en of thinking.
 One of the most illustrious of sots,
 Whose whole intelligence was in his guts !

NOTICE.

I've raised so many without even thanks,
 Have run this condescension to such lengths,
 That I am now grown very tired.
 In future then, I'll change my plan,
 Nor pay a compliment to any man,
 Unless I'm positively *hired* !
 And then, I'll only write him praise,
 Just in proportion to whate'er he *pays* !

For why should I become a hack,
 And carry opulence upon my back,
 And yet get neither oats nor hay ?
 With some fat noble gallop o'er fame's heath,
 And not be suffered to take breath,
 Nor taste one drop of water on the way.

Tho,' like a hungry dog on bullock's liver,
 He gobbles up his turtle and champagne,
 Driving one over hill and plain,
 'Thout offering one a drop or morsel ever.

Why should I labour, toil and sweat,
 To make a vagabond of this sort great ?
 Why be an ambling pack-horse on the road,
 With meanness constantly astraddle ?
 Or be by vanity for ever strode,
 Without a saddle cloth or saddle ?

My honors are worth ten times more,
 Than all that majesty has e'er conferred !
 The most that he can do, is change some poor
 Ass, into a viscount, earl or lord,
 Whilst I can take the same, soft, simple creature,
 And hand him down as *great*, to the *end of nature* !

Why not be amply paid for this ?
 Why give such envied titles—gratis ?
 Why take a thing, almost without a name,
 And much superior to the London change,

Where sovereigns in marble order range,
 Place him within a niche of fame,
 Where he must be talked of and admired,
 Until the whole creation's fired ?

Then why should I continue poor ?
 I'll do such things as these, no more.
 Besides, what costs but little's, less esteemed :
 So I'll be paid per inch, or foot, or yard,
 For every immortalizing word,
 Then I shall be a *Pindar* deemed !
 And no great king or prince will die,
 Till I've composed his epitaph and elegy.

THE POET TO HIS PATRON.

Hast thou *no* little nook to give away,
 Where a poor bard may make a little hay,
 To keep his Pegasus in feed ?
 Mine is a sprightly, very willing nag,
 That bounds like lightning over hill and crag,
 And keeps of every other hack the lead ;
 But then for want of food he is so thin,
 He has scarcely any viscera, within !

Now, if thou couldst but so contrive,
 To let my Rosinante live,

In some forsaken stable or old barn ;
 Where on a whisp of straw he might repose,
 And from the chilling wind lie warm and close,
 And daily with a little feed of corn ;
 When he got somewhat round again,
 I'd lend him to thee now and then.

And then he has the most complaisant knack,
 Whoe'er he carries on his back,
 Of picking out the pleasantest of roads ;
 Not rushing shoulder deep in muck, pell-mell ;
 But gently, when he knows his rider well,
 Trots up Olympus e'en, amongst the gods !
 Where Rosinante is so greatly prized,
 That every rider gets immortalised !

CHAP. IX.

CONTENTS.—Description of a fine winter's morning.—Hob and Joan's disaster in the garden.—Combat with the dog and bees.—Storm and calm.—The pleasures and miseries of irrationals.—Fortitude in misfortunes recommended.—Hob's encounter with the landlord's wife.—Butt's consternation and the consequences.—Blister's arrival and occupation.

Hob now proposed unto his Joan,
 A little, pleasant ramble, round

The neighbouring ground,
Alone.

For though it was a winter's morn,
The sun with vigour and resplendence shone.

The warmth and brightness of its ray,
Seemed to have been meant for May.

A strong incessant brilliancy,
Travelled electrically before the eye,
In active volatility.

And as it fell upon the distant snow,
Produced the lively tintings of the bow,
That circles every valley, hill, and plain,
When falling on the bosom of the rain.

Every little crystalized facet,
Sparkled like brilliants met.
Each little early bud its calix pressed,
As does the fœtus in the egg o' the nest,
When its maturity has nearly come,
Earnest to see its little home,
Anxious to breathe the free, fresh gale,
And through the soft invisibleness sail.

And for the instant, vegetation,
Felt an urgent animation ;
Or an active vigorousness,
Which seem'd to force into larger space.

Our travellers closed the garden gate,
And would have retreated—but 'twas late.
A dog, the guardian of the place alone,

With a hoarse, discontented growl,
 Flew instant on the affrighted Joan,
 Poor soul !

Hob at the moment could devise no plan,
 To save the fainting lass from danger,
 Than by diverting the ferocious stranger,
 With a huge brick bat or a stone.

How limited's our nature, little it foresees,
 For amongst the many a stone,
 One unluckily—ah ! one,
 Overturned a hive of bees.

These little waspish animals, in wrath,
 Rushed out in myriads upon both,
 Furious to see their house o'erturned,
 And eagerly for vengeance burned.
 But Hob just like an Ajax fought,
 And at his hat and wig he caught,
 And swinging them impetuous round,
 With dead and dying strewed the ground,
 But when they saw the head was bare,
 Each drew his little pointed spear,
 And finding no impediment of hair,
 Alighted down in thousands there.

Hob in the agony of his despair,
 Did dance and roar and run and swear,
 And in the torment of his grief,

Called all the gods, for once, to his relief,
 Either they did'nt or they would'nt hear him,
 For the devil a deity came near him !

Snap had got Joan against a tree,
 And tugged and tore and shook her clothes,
 And she kept kicking at his nose,
 And screaming out most piteously :
 Which raised a general alarm,
 And people rushed to aid 'em in a swarm;
 Snap, at his master's voice, withdrew,
 'Twas long before the Bees were beat,
 At last they sounded a retreat,
 And off they flew.

How often pleasure's mixed with pain,
 As in the midst of sunshine,—rain.
 All's calm and clear and lustre round,
 As tho' the splendor'd never be disturbed;
 When suddenly the tempest sweeps the ground.
 The torrent falls—all nature's now perturbed.
 Each billow lifts its craggy steep, and now,
 Hurls it murmuring on the wave below.
 The angry breakers tumble on the shore,
 As tho' they'd never whisper more.
 The sailor anxious, leaps from mast to mast,
 As tho' each minute was the last.

In every possible direction, fly,
 From the inclement, scowling sky,
 The terror stricken herds and timid flocks,

To shelter 'neath the cavern'd rocks ;
 Where th' echo's thunder rolls around,
 Thro' every crevice in the ground.
 To its near hive retreats the Bee,
 And every whistler's snug beneath its tree.
 Straight'ning and ringing every purple feather,
 Ruffled or disorder'd by the weather.
 When suddenly the winds abate, the torrent's past.
 The seas are calm, the clouds dispersed ;
 And into beauty and serenity, all's burst.

Irrationality now seeks the plain,
 To satiate on pleasures, once again.
 Man should in misery, himself befriend.
 Not morbidly give way to desperation ;
 Shortly, the worst of all reverses, mend.
 Ameliorating too, his station.
 Why with pistol, rope, or knife,
 Rush unnecessarily from life ?
 When a few fleeting moments are enough,
 To call each separate misfortune off.
 It can but know and worry for a space,
 Then to more quietude give place.
 Peevish desertion might become a Roman ;
 But 'tis beneath the courage of a woman !

Hob had no sooner reached the door,
 Than he began again to roar,
 Broke from his friends, like one insane.
 And bellowed like a bull, with pain.
 And as he was dashing round a corner,

He came in contact with the Landlord's wife,
 Who was then hastening to learn the strife,
 And Hob went right upon her !
 Each met the other face to face,
 Without the possibility of giving place.
 Her forehead struck so violently his chin,
 It might have ended in a serious matter,
 As't drew from Hob a hideous grin,
 And made each end of the jaw bones chatter.

The lady back again rebounded,
 Backwards with her head against the floor,
 The staircase with the blow resounded,
 As tho' there had been twenty more.
 For Hob rushed in with so much force,
 It made the tumble ten times worse ;
 And having lost the power to stop,
 Went right upon her, neck and crop !

By this the landlord reached the place,
 Where he and she lay face to face.
 Enraged at this unseen sight,
 He pummeled Hob with all his might.
 And as he could neither rise nor run,
 He inward sigh'd—" fate's will be done."

Butts seeing that his wife bled fast,
 And every minute too might be her last,
 For she had fainted with the fall,
 And shew'd few signs of life at all,
 He lugged Hob off her, by the legs,

And rolled him over on the flags,
 And turning round in haste to fly,
 To an apothecary's nigh,
 I' the street he came in contact with a horse,
 That galloped over him of course !
 Just as our cabs and omnibuses do,
 O'er every thing that comes in view,
 Caring no more about the form divine,
 Than tho' we were a herd of swine ;
 Caring in reality no more,
 Than aristocracy in coach and four,
 Who look on poverty as nature's dregs,
 And smile on broken arms and legs !
 Which labour to ensure *their* ease,
 And splendour, consequence and luxuries !

The intelligence soon reached the inn,
 Which brought the lady to herself again,
 Who ran as fast as e'er she could,
 And found her deary in the mud.
 Poor Butts was raised, but couldn't stand,
 And so they carried him by hand.
 Blister soon reached, with salves and plaister.
 To remedy each sad disaster.
 He placed the lady in a chair,
 Examined her all o'er with care,
 Found nothing injured but the head,
 So dressed it and she went to bed.

As for poor Butts, the horse
 Had nearly rendered him a corse ;

Had left him scarcely in, an eye,
With a dislocated hip and thigh,
And he did nought but pray and groan,
As they replaced each fractured bone.

Hob when he entered, felt the smart,
Of every envenomed dart.
Which flead his every part o' the head,
Where it in places puffed and bled.
Feeling then a keen pulsation,
His imagination took the alarm,
He thought of nothing but the swarm,
And fear'd a second castigation.
So, driving forwards in a fury,
He crossed the lady in a hurry ;
Who little anticipating such a whim,
Came right across him !

CHAP. X.

CONTENTS.—*Hob and Joan determine to proceed by water.—Their dress and appearance.—Ludicrous submersion in the dyer's vat.—Inhabitants alarm the neighbourhood.—Blue devils.—Courage of the constables.—Their terror and retreat.—Universal dismay.—Hob and Joan get back to the inn.—Flight of its inmates.—Scrubbing Hob and Joan.—Blister's bleaching process.—African emancipation.—Canibalism.—Odes to a slave dealer and a philanthropist.—Cain and his posterity.—Israelites and their prophets.—Pharoah and the Red Sea.—Plagues of Egypt.—Sacrifice of nations for the wickedness of kings.—Chemistry the ruling passion.*

The coach 'twas found was so much hurt,
 The spring could not be fixed nor girt,
 Sufficient to sustain the weight,
 Of two or three, then much less eight.
 They must then wait a day or so,
 Unless by water they would go.
 Hob instantly preferred the latter,
 So he resolved to go by water.

Besides he thought they'd be more merry,
 And jovial and easy in a wherry.
 The luggage then was sent off first,
 And Hob and Joan soon followed after ;
 But their burlesque appearance would have burst
 A clod-hopper, with laughter.
 For Joan was tall and thin—not thick,
 And wore a sort of large, French bonnet,
 Like a physician's walking stick,

With a small parachute upon it !
 And tall and thin and flat was Hob,
 As tho' he'd been squeezed upwards in a mob.

Arm in arm these stately figures walked.
 Nor looked nor left nor right nor talked ;
 But onwards went in tranquil mood,
 Like two automatons in wood.
 When suddenly a cellar door they tread on,—
 It broke, and in an instant they were gone ;
 Exactly like a grim, stage ghost,
 Pops up—looks pale—pops down—is lost !

The inmates of the house had made
 Dyeing, for some years past, their trade ;
 So that to see till six or more,
 They'd placed their vat beneath the door.
 Thus Hob and Joan fell flounder flat,
 Into the full, capacious vat,
 Filled with a dark, thick, muddy blue,
 Compounded to make old stuffs, new.

Dark blue 'mongst colors is the worst of evils.
 For 'tis not fugitive, but fast:
 Wash as you will, the tinges last,
 So they came out—"blue devils."
 Legs, arms, knees, elbows, face and nose,
 Shift, shirt and petticoats and small clothes,
 Were all one universal, dismal tint,
 Without the smallest difference in't.

The noise thus made beneath the floor,
 Set all the inmates in a roar,
 Who thought the house beset by robbers,
 The timid, chicken-hearted lubbers.
 So off they made towards the door,
 And there they bawled out "thieves" so loud,
 The neighbourhood was in a crowd,
 But no one dared to enter in,
 Lest he might not come out again.
 Some scores of constables soon got together,
 When after holding long debate,
 They all determined not to wait
 For soldiers, but support each other !

One now advanced, courageous as Macheath,
 But ran back fainting, out of breath,
 Terrified and pale as death.
 He vow'd two goblins were rising up,
 And were within two steps o' the top,
 Were tall and ghastly, eyes glaring and all blue :
 And that they were goblins he knew.

This story was confirmed at once,
 By Hob and Joan's tall, blue appearance.
 The constables all sounded a retreat,
 Lest they might be pounced upon and eat !
 And sought for safety where they could ;
 As when a lion leaves the wood,
 The jack assès and jenny asses nigh,
 In fright and consternation, fly !

The alarm was equal amongst great and small ;

All flew from the blue devils—all.

So that wherever they appeared,

Every street and lane were cleared.

As when the plague with speckled hand,

Has cleared of its inhabitants, the land !

And when they had got back again,

And made an entrance at the inn,

The house was in a violent uproar,

Greater than it had been before.

Each made for the back-door or staircase,

With hair on end and palid face !

And left the inn deserted and alone,

To Hob and Joan.

And until this it had been left alone,

But Hob kept roaring "it was Hob," and Joan, "'twas Joan.

That they had slipt into the dyer's vat,

Had frighten'd all the neighbourhood and all that :

And that for heaven's sake they'd shew 'em quarter.

And furnish them with tubs and water."

Brushes and tubs were put in requisition,

To free them from their blue condition.

The maid scrubbed Hob, the man scrubbed Joan,

As tho' they'd scrub 'em to the bone.

They scrubbed and dried and scrubbed again,

But all their labour was in vain,

They hadn't stirred i' the least, the stain.

They soaped and scrubbed in each direction,

But nought would do, except dissection !
 Nothing but stripping off the skin,
 And cutting them in parchment out another,
 Transparent, free from flaws and thin,
 To fit exactly like t'other.

And why not, when we've a dark skin,
 Slip out of it and turn it outside in ?
 As chemists and anatomists declare,
 The inside of the cuticle is fair.

At length the apothecary brought a solvent,
 And bathed them, and the blue all went !
 It ate the blue as greedily up,
 As aldermen eat turtle soup ;
 Or as church wardens and the priest,
 On transferred, bastard children feast !
 Each colored particle did disappear,
 And the whole surface became clear,
 By hocus-pocus aggregation,
 Or by a secret combination,
 Chemically, of each other's matter,
 Unknown as yet to human nature,
 Who're sensible of the effect,
 But know not how the causes act.
 As violets and vitriol produce
 A crimson for the dyer's use ;
 And when he'd changed his crimson, green,
 And so economise his stuff,
 By some unerring mode, unseen,
 A little alkali's enough,

To alter every previous shade,
His ingenuity has made.

The doctor shortly died of fever,
Nor could the recipe be met with ever.

A serious loss to all the arts,
For Africa and other parts.

Perhaps 'twas that desideratum,
That would have bleach'd the blackest man,
Taking off the tinges of the hemisphere,
And blanching him as white as bear.
Whitening the wicker-work within,
Like that beneath a northern skin.

Afric with this solvent might be free,
Free as the breezes that blow o'er the sea ;

Why laws then to abolish slavery ?

The legislature must have meant,
To offer premiums for this solvent !

But quite forgot the subject wanted,
And on *abolishing* descanted.

For they're the milk of human nature,
Determined to protect each sooty creature :
To keep him in the land that gave him birth,

In every place, the happiest on earth !
[Whether it be beneath the frozen poles,

Where there's no mark of vegetation,
And where the little lordlings of creation,
All burrow under ground, like moles.

Or else beneath the flaming torrid zone ;

Where man a savage roams alone,
 For ever eager on the watch,
 To now and then, some weaker being catch ;
 In part, dependent for his daily food,
 Upon that being's flesh and blood !
 Preferring infinitely human flesh,
 To Birch's nicest, choicest dish ;
 And Birch is dealer in much nicer fare,
 Than any other alderman or mayor :
 But fortune oft puts men in stations,
 Which seem a burlesque on their avocations.

But here perhaps it will be better,
 To see the whys and wherefores of the matter,
 Attendant on this trafficking in man ;
 A fashion since the world began.
 Giving a sample of the good and evil,
 Sending speculation to the devil.

ODE TO THE SLAVE DEALER.

Thou art a most distinguished brute,
 And hast a noble equipage, to boot ;
 And many ships and chests of ready cash ;
 Yet what right has society to say,
 How came this man by all his riches, pray ?
 Thou hadst a right to buy up human flesh,

And then to sell the animals again,
To sugar-making, worldly-minded men !

And tho' thou might have gone some fifty leagues,
Up the poor wretches' country a slaving,
And might have brewed up millions of intrigues,
Because some hundred bodies were worth having.
And tho,' thou here and there astray,
Might have caught some wretch within a wood,
And savage, bore that fainting wretch away,
From every tie of kindred flesh and blood ;
Yet still what has the world to do with this ?
Thou'rt rich, and so could'st not have done amiss !

And tho' thou took these selfsame slaves,
And sold them to all sorts of knaves,
And got five hundred e'en per cent, in gain ;
And tho' in three years at the most,
They had all given up the ghost,
What moral right have others to complain ?

Thou did'st not buy and sell *their* sons like sheep,
They have no filial loss to weep :
No, it was sons of distant climes ye sought,
'Twere these alone ye hunted down and caught.
Such things have been in vogue since the creation,
Why then this rude disapprobation ?

Suppose in eighteen months there wasn't one !
But the whole race were flogged away, and gone !
Why, this was all the better for thee ;

For then thou had'st again to fill the place,
 Of the whole fugitive past race !
 And why for *this* thing should we bore thee ?
Thou did'st but just transplant each creature,
Thou did'st not drive him out of nature.

And when that all is said and done,
 Perhaps thou'st bought a million, who're all gone !
 On this what can *we* justly have to say ?
 Nothing, but that so many men,
 Were born, bought, sold and died again !
 And so, have rapidly all passed away !
 And that in consequence, thou'rt rich as Jew !
 That's all that we can say of you.

ODE TO A PHILANTHROPIST.

Indeed I must say, Wilberforce, *
 You really are an enemy and worse,
 To Afric's sons.
 I know you'd serve them if you could,
 And that your intention's *good*,
 You wish to break their bonds—not bones.

* Written when Mr. Wilberforce was in the administration. Myriads of blacks have been yearly transported to countries, of which their descendants ultimately take possession ! This has happened in Saint Domingo---in the Brazils, where the blood of its inhabitants is half African ! and will shortly take place in British Guiana and throughout the whole of the West Indies, which will become a nest of Pirates, like Algiers and Tunis ! until extirpated by the United States.

But tell me, have you visited wild nature ?
And in a state of wildness, *seen* each creature ?

If you haven't, prithee do,
'Tis good advice I give you—do, do go ;
And take not out a serving maid or man :
And when you've had a decent roam,
Have been about five years from home,
I'll change my creed, or you, your plan !
Eh ! eh ! the instant you get back,
All your abolishing will go to rack !

'Tis easy for a man like you,
Who hath but little else to do,
To sit him tranquil by his cheering ray,
And there on muffins, toast and tea,
Think o'er the imaginary misery,
Of others houseless—far away ;
Get into a philanthropic speculation,
And wildly intermingle every station !

Now, if the point at issue was,
The making salutary laws,
Prohibiting the African and Moor,
From breaking in upon each *polished* nation,
And sinking the *civilized* to degradation ;
Why, *this* philanthropy would be more pure ;
Much more benevolent and just and kind,
And more the dictates of a humane mind !

To buy and sell one's species, I confess,

Seems an immoral avariciousness ;
 Seems cruel, dastardly and mean ;
 And so no doubt it is with those who deal,
 Whose souls for nought but self e'er feel :
 But had *you* seen, what *I have seen*,
 You'd know, oftimes *much good* may spring,
 From this same *body trafficking* !

Thousands who've been torn from home,
 Have hither come : *
 But I *ne'er* met with *one* who *mourned* !
 And *voluntarily* would have *returned* !

They become *amalgamated* with the *nation*,
Rise in the scale of the *creation*,
 Get gradually from black to brown,
 By hocus pocus, there well known,
 From *brown* become a *brownny white*,
 As darkness softens into light !

And should it ever please your sovereign king,
 To send you here ambassador or some such thing,
 You'll see the truth of what's related.
 To Afric's great-great-grandsons you must *bow* !
 Most humble and submissively and *low* !
 You'll find it *fact* what I have stated.

* Brazils, where hundreds of cargoes are imported yearly ! I had two princes, as household slaves, who were brothers. When I left the country, I offered to send them back to their birth place, but they both preferred remaining where they were, in the midst of civilization ! They would even rather have continued as slaves, than have been landed again in Africa, to live and die amongst its wild natives in the interior.

But if they'd *always* acted on your bill,
These had been *savages and wild men*, STILL !

But blacks did no doubt spring from Cain,
 And if so, blacks they must remain ;
 And vagabonds on earth for ever be,
 To mark out Cain's enormity !
 For heaven visiteth the father's sins,
 For *generations* on the *nearest kins* !
 And who'll accuse the law divine,
 Of being less than, all-benign ?

Even when prophets in the days of old,
 To monarchs daily, hourly told,
 What they ought not, or ought to do,
 Yet when those monarchs went astray,
 And deviated from the holy way,
 Wisely the *state* got punished too !
 As a broad *hint* which seemed to say,
 " Then—why not *make* the man *obey* ! "

Eh ! oft got punished when the king,
 Had not consulted them upon the thing,
 Tho' this might seem a little hard.
 Thus when each ragamuffin Jew,
 From his Egyptian master flew,
 And Pharoah stopt the rebels with his guard,
 'Twas then commanded, Egypt's bogs
 Should vomit o'er the nation, frogs,
 Its clouds should rain down fleas !
 And the instant Moses waved his wand,
 Dead fell the cattle on the land,

And back recoiled the sapient seas !
 Leaving a wide-paved, pretty road,
 For all the chosen of the Lord !
 So that not one of them was lost !
 But when that stubborn Pharoah and his knaves,
 Got every soul of them between the waves,
 These shut their vengeful jaws upon the host,
 And tho' it never meddled with the *Jews*,
 Egyptian ne'er returned to tell the news !

This was rebellion rank in Mister sea,
 To treat its sovereign so uncourteously,
 When every wave e'en was his own ;
 Suffering each vagrant Jew to pass,
 Then pouncing on th' Egyptian mass,
 And of its master's army leaving none !
 No doubt the sea *mistook* its men,
 But couldn't vomit them on shore again !

Sometimes a king amongst the Jews,
 Careless of heaven's fostering views,
 Regarded not the orders it had given ;
 Then Philistines or famine was allowed,
 To slaughter *thousands* of the *helpless crowd*,
 Tho they'd *no power to side with heaven* !

But blacks and browns might e'en be meant.
 With the wisest possible intent,
 As subjects proper for the exercise,
 Of all our chemical capacities ;
 For making millions yearly brown and black,

Subjects for bleaching then, we couldn't lack ;
 And as we are all chemists now,
 Both rich and poor and high and low,
 And now that 'tis the general occupation,
 Of every part of an enlightened nation,
 To spend its time in analyzing,
 Dyeing, bleaching, synthisizing,
 In finding out the components of matter,
 And all the primitives of wind and water,
 These different shades of human skin,
 May ope the trap door of the mind within,
 To find out some unerring plan,
 To make these *Ourang Outangs* look like *man*.

CHAP. XI.

CONTENTS.—*Hob and Joan are carried on board the wherry.—Hob's accident on the way.—Description of a tranquil, country, river side's scenery.—An earthquake.—Hob, Joan and Splashy's consternation.—Are swallowed in a whirlpool.—Patent life boat.—Their miraeulous preservation and landing.—With moral reflections.*

Again our travellers left the Inn,
 But kept 'em in the middle of the road,
 Lest they might unhappily again,
 Get ducked head over in blue mud.
 And in about ten minutes more,

They reached the sandy, shelly shore,
 All the way pondering as they went,
 Upon their late, blue accident.
 'The tide was out, so they were forced to moor
 'The wherry, at some distance from the shore.
 'The Waterman took Joan up in his arms,
 And housed her after millions of alarms.
 For here and there she gave a gentle scream,
 Lest he might let her in the stream.
 Hob now crept on a pig a back,
 But not suspended like a sack ;
 For being longer than the porter,
 He'd have been knee deep in water.
 Besides 'tis more convenient to ride,
 And one goes quite as safe and quick,
 With arms around a fellow's neck,
 And leg on other side.

A Waterman's a tolerable neddy,
 And generally carries pretty stedly ;
 But oft he stopt to gather wind,
 And ease his burden up behind.

He had now nearly reached the wherry,
 Hob was high spirited and merry,
 When suddenly a Eel below,
 Seized hold of Splashy by the toe.
 The fellow in the agony of grief,
 Bent downwards hastily to get relief,
 And off went Hob with heels upright,
 Roaring and struggling with all his might.

The fall howe'er was not so great,
 As the one that he had had of late.
 On neither side was there a rocky steep,
 Nor was the stream here quite so deep.
 He couldn't be wetter than he was,
 So waded back to change his clothes,
 Which he contrived behind a tree,
 With all imaginable decency,
 And shortly after reached the boat,
 'Thout accident or farther trouble,
 Or any new mishap or hobble,
 When with a swing, she went a float.

The wind was fair as breeze could blow,
 The surface calm without a ripple,
 With sail and oar they gaily onward go,
 Admiring each village, country seat and steeple;
 Which looked down proudly on each hut,
 Seated around the tranquil spot.

The cheerful, silvery music of each bell,
 Spread into smoothness as it fell,
 And seemed to linger on the stream,
 As soft as evening's rosy beam,
 When sinking golden in the west,
 It seems to blush to leave the east,
 Wafting an echo here and there,
 Until it gently died in air.

The little, spotted, sparkling fish below,
 Playfully glided to and fro,

With light, transparent, gossamer wings,
 The water's fairy and celestial beings.
 The shade that fell from tree and bush and heath,
 Formed the *same* landscape *underneath*.
 Bush joined to bush and trees to trees,
 Just like the earth's antipodes.
 And as the silken wind did blow,
 Waving the emerald foliage above,
 Each tree and branch responsively did move,
 Of all the emerald foliage below.
 And o'er the wave the wherry threw,
 Its trembling resemblance too :
 And Hob and Joan as clearly stood
 Under, as above the flood.

This shews that water's either liquid glass,
 Or a transparent, liquid crystal,
 And that the marble shot's a farce !
 'Tis not composed of shot at all.

The moment past and all around was calm,
 And nought shew'd signs of the least alarm,
 The wherry glided through its glassy bed,
 Nought but the distant bark and gurgling fall were heard,
 When suddenly a deep, hoarse, rumbling sound,
 Rolled beneath the river's bed,
 Shock followed shock, from mead to mead,
 Like the bursting of artillery under ground.
 Dark in an instant was the atmosphere,
 As tho' eternity was near,
 And all the beauty of the world,

Again to be in chaos hurled.

The clouds around were tinged with red,
 As tho' the firmament of heaven bled.
 Each tree on every neighb'ring hill,
 Which but a moment back was still,
 Now had its branches agitated by the wind,
 Upwards and downwards, fronting and behind.
 Each valley round, a shudder gave,
 Like the rough undulating wave.

The eagle from her giddy nest upsprung,
 And every cavern with her screaming rung,
 Anxious and fearful for her unfledged young.

The river into frothy columns rose,
 Like hilly roughnesses among the snows,
 And many a frightful mass of stone,
 Rushed headlong down the mountain's steep,
 To seek a shelter in the deep,
 Which caught it with a moan.

The poor affrighted Splashy, Hob and Joan,
 Silent and pale sat looking on,
 Panting with awe and petrified,
 At the wild ravings of the tide.
 Life's little fount was check'd with fear,
 And from each startled eye suffused the tear.
 When Hob was conscious all was gone,
 He inward sigh'd—"fates' will be done."

And now at once the neighbouring shore,
 Burst open with a hideous roar,
 And from its cavern'd jaws ran such a yell,
 It echoed awfully along the dell.
 There burst in the river's bed a hole,
 Just where the agitated wherry swam,
 And it rushed headlong to the broken dam,
 And disappeared i' the instant in a whirl.
 The violent concussion broke the mast,
 Which held the three ill-fated travellers fast,
 Who thro' the cavern'd arch were driven,
 Shut out from the bright air of heaven.

It was a sort of patent boat,
 And lined with tubes in such a form,
 That it would right itself in the storm,
 And always kept on the keel afloat.
 So th' instant that it reach'd the mole,
 Joining the bottom of the wild whirl-pool,
 Which the devouring earth-quake,
 Had formed into a tranquil lake,
 It started upwards to the water's level,
 In spite of every sort of devil!

The passage was most perilous of course,
 But our three travellers were little worse,
 As they scarce needed to take breath,
 While whirling rapidly beneath:
 And in about an instant more,
 All three,
 In an enthusiastic ecstasy,

Landed most safely on the shore !

How various are the ways of fate
 To save us, when it is intended,
 That we should travel greatly mended,
 Up to Saint Peter's wicket gate.
 In sympathy, such yawnings,
 Are only kind forewarnings,
 And he who doesn't profit as he ought,
 Is a most incorrigible sinner,
 Who thinks of heaven less than a good dinner,
 The moment he's safe landed in the port.

CHAP. XII.

CONTENTS.—*An address to mercy.—Doomsday bustle and its consequences.—Sectarian hypocrisy.—Scramble at the last day.—Corporal distortions and crooked minds.—Soul equally intelligent in all men.—Irrationals.—Their immortality.—Metempsychosis.—Other globes our probable residences hereafter.—Address to mercy concluded.—Man's present state of depravity and primitive innocence.—Gradation of tyranny amongst mortals.—Folly of ancient birth.—Republic of ants, a rational lesson to mankind.*

Mercy, thou brightest attribute of heaven,
 To whom all hands and eyes must supplicate,
 At the last day of fate,
 When at the loud signal gun,

Each one must up and run,
Or at whatever signal may be given.

Each must rake his separate bones together,
Whatever be the weather,
Whether it be windy, rainy, dark or light,
Whether it be day or midnight,
Each must look for his own nose,
Elbow-bones and finger-bones and toes ;
Must get him on in hurry his own head,
And not his neighbour's in the stead,
Lest he, by scraping up his neighbour's fins,
May answer for his neighbour's sins,
Perchance much blacker than his own,
Whene'er they come to be made known ;
For we all labour to appear,
Very different to what we are !
The very purest saint in face,
Is oft the most immoral of the race !
Hangs out an evangelic phiz,
To hide all his impurities !
A sallow, pale, sectarian cheat,
Hypocrisy within his features,
The worst of God-almighty's creatures,
Whose only object is deceit,
That may improve his worldly bliss,
And all his mundane happiness !
Who thinks as little of the world to come,
As I about his Holiness in Rome.
Who was anciently of man, the pest,
But now a crack-joke and a jest !

Where superstition's past away,
And let of reason in, the ray !

Every circlet of the eye,
Whether correct or all awry,
With pupil blue or grey or black,
Nothing of its former self must lack :
And tho' i' the Indies it were driven in,
And the crystal scattered into spray,
Every little particle, I say,
Must in the end be found again !
Each atom must assume th' affinity,
For the atom of the same vicinity ;
And to the laws attractive of cohesion,
Must bow obedience with decision.

Even where war'accurst,
Hath thousand pupils burst,
And each one's separate humidity,
Amalgamated with the rest,
The imperfect with the worst and best,
And all exhaled or sunk into the earth or sea,
Each particle again must t'other meet,
And get into its ancient socket set.
This tinge of black, that tinge of blue,
Which formerly belonged to me or you,
Must not be stolen from us by another,
No—not even by a brother !
He or she must have the selfsame eye,
For his continuance thro' eternity !

And tho' each particle has many a rood,
 To roll or swim or rise or fall
 'Tis of no moment—none at all,
 Instant 'twill pass a mountain or a flood !
 Whole arms or bits of arms and legs and brain,
 Whole nerves or bits of nerves and blood,
 Will meet and join in millions on the road,
 Again !

Yet for my soul, I cannot see,
 Why we should ape each *old deformity*,
 The miseries and casualties of birth,
 On earth !

Perhaps 'tis all a farce, we shan't !
 If I can help it, 'pon my soul I won't.
 Where I can see a handsome leg or nose,
 A well turn'd arm and corresponding elbows,
 I'll carry them away, of course,
 If I find my own are worse !
 For here we scramble for what each possesses,
 The cause why man 'gainst man transgresses ;
 Then why not, to complete the whole,
 Neighbourly take from each a limb,
 (The last loss we can bring on him,)
 To form a *handsome* mansion for the soul ?
 For 'tis a residence 'twill always have,
 Beyond the confines of the grave !
 Not like this casual one of clay,
 Born but a moment since and gone to-day !
 But one,
 That through eternity must run !

So may as well be pleasing to the eye,
As hideous from deformity.

But as to the article of faces,
Rarely one decent now is made,
(Perhaps they've lost the secrets of the trade,)
 That can boast alliance with the graces.
Ugliness is grown so common,
There's scarce a feature I would own,
Or in a hundred, only one,
In any countenance of man or woman !
But then for this there's some excuse,
The moulds have been so long in use,
That they must all require renewing,
But what are the *die-sinkers* doing ?
Eh ! what the devil are they about ?
Or do they, like our working-men,
Form combinations now and then,
And have a regular *turn-out* ?

And if the little lengths of hairs,
Cut off when they got too lank,
Which winds dispersed and ages drank,
Are solder'd on again in pairs,
Each one will tread on t'other's tail,
As thro' the soft etherealness we sail !

No doubt each atom has its separate sense,
And its innate intelligence,
And at every partial separation,
They all agree about the station,

That is, the general rendez-vous,
 Where each one is at length to go,
 And there most tranquilly remain,
 Until the safe arrival of the brain !
 Which, tho' 'twere scattered here and there,
 Will in an instant re-appear,
 And all will congregate and meet,
 With one loud universal greet !
 The edges smooth'd away with fish skin,
 And all appear as formerly, again !
 Not cicatrized and marked all o'er with scars,
 Like cuts in the wars ;
 But with a clear and polished, thin,
 Unsubdivided skin !

In spite of all that has been said,
 I think the irregularities of nature,
 Observable in every creature,
 Will be unraveled and the parts re-made !
 For all corporeal distortions,
 Mentally produce abortions,
 And 'tis a rule, we always find
 A crooked body has a crooked mind !
 Which we may suffer in this sphere,
 And accident may cause us here ;
 But when we've parted with this breath,
 And are translated after death,
 Unto some other distant place,
 'Tis hardly likely we shall be,
 Onwards through an eternity,
 The fools and idiots of the race !

' Because the soul's a ray *divine*,
 Equally intelligent in all,
 And must, in all *perfection* shine,
 The moment that it quits this ball!
 The flesh, in its diversity immense,
 Makes all the shades of our intelligence!
 For I'm persuaded that *each* soul,
 Equals in all respects the *whole*!
 That spiritually no favour's shewn,
 To this or to the other one;
 Altho' there may be seven in ten,
 Deranged or idiots amongst men!

But hog and sheep and ox were made for man,
 So 'll ne'er be hog and sheep and ox again;
 Unless it can be proved that they,
 Have soul comingled with their clay,
 Which I, for my part, think they *have*!
 If so, they'll live beyond the grave!
 For they all think and recollect,
 And judge, determine and reflect,
 Ardently pursue what pleases,
 Shun whate'er annoys or teazes,
 Have method and discrimination!
 Feeling, sentiment, sensation,
 Love and each parental tie!
 Most of the virtues we enjoy,
 'Thout any of the vices, that deface,
 And torture and torment the human race.
 Qualities that throughout nature,
 We can't discover in mere matter!

'Tis therefore clear they must inherit,
 Something, very like a *spirit* !
 Call it sagacity or what you will,
 Yet it is a *spirit* still,
 Which spirit may perhaps *migrate*,
 And some *fresh body animate*,
 The moment we existence sever,
 Thus terminate its being, never !
 And being mixed with human nature,
 Man is a bit of every creature,
 A compound of destructible creation,
 Animated or inanimate, of every station ;
 Which will receive its former leaven,
 Of the indestructibility of heaven !

But heaven must be a bulky sphere,
 To congregate *all* mortals there,
 Even from this delightful world, alone,
 For countless myriads are already gone !
 Because at least there disappear,
 Some twenty millions every year !
 And all the globes that nightly shine,
 Those sparkling baubles of a will divine,
 Which are for ever on the wing,
 And round upon their centres swing,
 To give the labourer light to work,
 And hours to rest him in the dark,
 So that at every single turn,
 All animals created, live and die !
 Start into daily being with the sun,
 And with him, sink into oblivion !

As little sensible to all around,
 As we, in fact, must shortly be,
 When we are *really* in eternity,
 And are at rest beneath the ground ;
 Adding that nutriment to vegetation,
 Needful for the passing generation !—
 Those orbs innumerable, that rove,
 In the clear, azure fields above,
 Are crammed with mortal men like this ;
 Who like us, into being spring,
 And pass on rapidly to nothing,
 Just like the figures ludicrous,
 That thro' a magic lantern run,
 Appear and strut about, are off and gone !

But then as heaven is set apart,
 For the virtuous and good in heart,
 The moon would much more than suffice ;
 Because there are so very few,
 Not I should e'en imagine, two,
 Who've not by wickedness and vice,
 In every state and every nation,
 Since the commencement of creation,
 Lost every claim to be at rest,
 Within the mansions of the blest !
 For the human heart's the foulest thing,
 That ever was called into being !
 And as it governeth the *soul*,
 It follows *that* is quite as *foul* !

Perhaps those orbs that float on high,

Filling the concavity of sky,
 Are meant as places of abode,
 For all the shades of bad and good !
 Who every moment disappear,
 From off the surface of this sphere !
 As jails and colonies are meant,
 For different grades of punishment,
 To those who rob, whilst in distress,
 What, those who've plundered *them*, can't miss !
 And as the sun's immense and hot,
 Perhaps 'tis destined for the *sinner's* lot !
 But e'en that orb is much too small,
 To hold one millionth part of all !
 Altho' the *spirit* went alone !
 Without a particle of flesh and bone !
 But angels are all said to be,
 Clad in the *soul of drapery* !
 Because *they* have no *labouring poor*,
 To grow and weave their gossamer !
 So one of the *angelic* race,
 Can occupy but little space !

 Mercy, who mildly sit'st enthroned above,
 Charitably dispensing love—
 But why sit *there* alone ?
 Why not benevolently take the helm,
 And steer thro' each distracted realm,
 Where thy resemblance e'en has flown ?
 Where one usurps thy place,
 Of meanest race.
 Why visit us but now and then,

And leave us all disconsolate again?
 Why of *first* causes *only* take the care?
 Let *thirds* and *seconds* share!
 Enter the bosom of each turn key and each king,
 And every creeping, crawling thing,
 On earth, in sea and air.
 Drive out thy venal journeyman,
 And come and live with us again!

The assassin then shall drop the knife,
 Less prodigal of human life!
 The orphan, widow, aged, blind,
 The afflicted, hungry and unclad,
 Shall once again be glad;
 Each shall to each, be just and kind,
 As each was, when the world began,
 When ev'ry beast laid down secure with man!
 When man, in pity, ne'er did feast
 On man nor bird nor fish nor beast!
 Each lived in friendliness with t'other,
 Each was to each a *brother*!
 Had one e'er needed help or aid,
 He hadn't e'en a moment staid,
 For every animal, of every station,
 Eagerly tendered consolation!
 Not as is the case with us;
 When one becomes an outcast or forlorn,
 The only succour is—a *pass*!
 To die in misery where one was *born*!
 The scorn and hatred of a world,
 When on its sad vicissitudes we're hurled,

After a long life of toil and care,
 Of want, privations and despair,
 In adding to the general stock,
 To feed the idle of the flock !

Each lived on fruits or grass or browsed the trees,
 Contented, happy and at ease !
 Those golden moments now are gone,
 For ever, ever flown !

Man has no bowels now, for man,
 Nor fowl for fowl, nor beast for beast ;
 From appearances at least,
 Each does the other all the harm he can !
 The weak is of the victim of the strong,
 The infirm aged, of the young,
 The poor, the victim of the wealthy,
 The feeble, oft the robust and healthy,
 The debtor of the man to whom he owes,
 And thus the animated circle goes !

And all the strugglings we behold,
 Centre in one common end,
 A *natural* desire for gold,
 Our surest, best and *only friend* !
 For all that we can here enjoy,
 In eating, drinking, habitation,
 Dress and some little superfluity,
 To please the organs of sensation !
 So, though our real wants, we see,
 Amount to little in reality,

Yet our madness for accumulation,
 Beyond the period of our duration,
 Gives rise to all the vices and contentions,
 Hatreds, depravities, dissensions,
 And all the direful and revengeful strife,
 Which checquer this mysterious life !
 Whether it be 'tween man and man,
 Or on the more extended plan,
 Of nation warring against nation,
 For plunder, to annihilation !
 For this is all ambition's aim,
 And not for notoriety of name !

And then, of what utility are we,
 Amongst the objects of eternity ?
 Who've sprung from God knows where or what !
 And know not whither we may go,
 Nor what a moment hence may be our lot !
 Nor through what medium, nor how
 We are to reach another sphere,
 If there we're destined to appear ;
 At present, crawling on a mound,
 Above the water's edge of ground,
 Whose particles we but misplace,
 And disarrange, but can't deface !
 And yet we are creation's *lords* !
 And with pomposity of words,
 Talk of our *noble* and our *ancient* birth,
 Though all result from the same operation,
 Of whatever name and nation,
 The worst of animals on earth !

For in the scriptures it is said,
 That first a *single* pair were made ;
 So all are sets-off from *that* pair,
 That ever will be, are or were ;
 Atoms, with the activity of ants,
 Whose varied and very selfish wants,
 Are not so honestly supplied !
 As ants, in heaping up a store,
 That *none* of the community be poor,
 Cheerfully labour side by side ;
 Nor ever once contend or fight,
 For *sole* possession or *exclusive* right !
 Nor trump up an *antiquity* of breed,
 When *all* have sprung from the *same seed* !

Some think, tho' souls do live for ever,
 Yet nature's operations make it clear,
 That when they from *one* body sever,
 They pop into *another*, near !
 And thus keep up an active round,
 Onwards, thro' every generation !
 Not like a dormouse underground,
 Existing in annihilation !
 Restless and malignant for a space,
 Then idle for the time to come,
 Until each atom of the race,
 Has fairly mouldered in the tomb !
 A few immortal shades would thus complete,
 Every earthly function, meet
 For carrying on the *grand* design,
 Of "*this is yours, and that is mine* !"

Which seems to be the *sole* intent,
 And all that providence e'er meant,
 That bipeds should together meet,
 And a few, fleeting hours compete,
 About some *trifling* acquisition,
 In this mysterious position,
 And then, the moment it is *won*,
 They're passed across the stage and *gone* !
 As tho' to *satirize* the *greedy* natures,
 Of silly, transitory creatures !

CHAP. XIII.

CONTENTS.—*Hob and Joan's reception.*—*Hospitality amongst the poor.*—*Merciless avarice of riches.*—*Shipwreck plunderers on the coast.*—*Fine winter's day described.*—*Wars of the Holy-land.*—*Cruelty of Roman Catholic Christianity.*—*Lot's wife.*—*Dobbin.*—*Chastity before and after marriage.*—*Neglect and penury of literary men.*—*Felicity of aristocratical dullness.*—*Injustice of eternal inequality.*—*Prudence of an universal change in the fate of men.*—*Propriety of encouraging ignorance.*

Now Hob and Joan
 Left Splashy and his wherry,
 Whistling, contentedly and merry,
 (For why when danger's o'er and past,
 Should melancholy ever last ?)
 And paced across the fields alone ;
 And not far distant from the spot,
 They found a hospitable hut.

Hospitality resides amongst the poor,
 Who tho' they've little left to give,
 And often insufficient e'en to live,
 'Gainst want will *seldom* shut the door!
 And were the *rich* to do the same,
 They'd merit a much better name.

But men get generally avaricious,
 Inhospitable, selfish, vicious,
 As they get lifted up in station,
 Or wealthy by accumulation!
 And as that wealth becomes immense,
 It steals the heart against benevolence,
 And every merciful sensation,
 Until we can without a sigh,
 Pass with cold indifference by
 Every species of privation!
 As though each tattered, wretched creature,
 Did not belong to human nature.

The master of the cottage didn't go,
 To kill and bury them in snow,
 Then rifle all the pockets and the trunks,
 Of poor wet Joan and Hunks!
 Nor with a pirate's smile invite them in,
 Not to go out alive again!
 Nor do as many have done before,
 On a well known, southern shore,*

* I have seen it somewhere stated as a circumstance of frequent occurrence, that individuals on the coast of Cornwall, will eagerly destroy every soul on board vessels that are wrecked in the neighbourhood, with the view of plundering the cargo more securely!

Where they their lucky stars do bless,
 For every vessel in distress !
 When every demoniac thief,
 With an assumed, affected grief,
 Rushes towards the rocky strand,
 Stretching out a treacherous hand,
 As if hospitably to save !
 But when the dying, drowning wretch,
 Gets well within his reach,
 Then the grasped hand's a grave !
 And each, successively as he appears,
 The same benevolent attention shares !
 Whilst the more merciful, but raging billow,
 Which gradually wafted him towards the land,
 To the extended, treacherous hand,
 Becomes his moving pillow !
 Until each bird or fish of prey,
 Has taken him piecemeal away !

No leaf did stir, the noon was still,
 And the white wing of every mill,
 In sluggish silence hung its head,
 As for the moment, dead.
 Nought but the busy, buzzing bee's song,
 Was heard the brambles and the heath among.
 The sun burst out as strong and bright,
 As in the summer's height.
 Each river and each little rill,
 Stood solidly unmoved and still,
 Receiving on its surface the sun's rays,
 Seem'd all a liquid blaze ;

A dense, caloric reservoir,
 Filled with its roseate fire!
 The sporting, pearly fish did glide,
 Thro' the molten, diamond tide,
 Like brilliant chevaliers of old,
 In scales of silver, with its emerald tinge,
 And every joint and casque and hinge,
 Of dull or burnished gold.

Those very brave and errant knights,
 The champions of *religious* rights!
 Who with the spear and sword in hand,
 Exterminating battles waged,
 And in the *holy* wars, engaged
 'To clear of *infidels* the land!
 Which infidels had learned to praise
 The Lord, in most *unchristian* ways,
 And therefore *merited extermination*!
 As the *sure method of salvation*!
 And though the infidels might think it odd,
 'Twas all done for "*the love of God!*"
 For bishops were amongst the ranks,
 And could have nought in view, but good,
 And when well satiate with blood,
 They very naturally, *gave God thanks!**

'Twas one of those delightful, winter days,

* The papist soldiers and priests on their invasion of the Continent of South America, were guilty of similar atrocities towards the innocent and amiable Peruvians, Mexicans and other nations of that vast hemisphere! The ministers of Christianity were more ferocious than the blood hounds of Jamaica!

The sun does gladden with its rays,
 And makes it millions of times more charm,]
 Then when the whole creation's warm,
 In autumn or in summer or in spring ;
 Even when every flowery bush in May,
 Does all its variegated tints display,
 And ev'ry warbler in the shade,
 Seems as though 'twere really made,
 Only to make love and sing !
 'Twas like the mingled, joyful smile
 From the heart, that overflows the while,
 Where ecstasy, to get relief,
 Breaks into grief !

In they were welcomed, as I said,
 And every preparation made,
 To give them all the help they could,
 And more than millions richer would !
 A canvass hastily put up,
 Kept both the travellers from the group,
 And separated Hob and Joan,
 So they undressed with decency alone,
 Crept into something like a bed,
 With nought uncovered, but the head.
 The decorous veil was then removed,
 That each of them might be well stoved.

The faggot blazed so high and broad,
 That every leaf of cheering fire,
 Extended horizontally a yard,
 Or shot into a vivid spire,

Of which our travellers had really need,
 For they were less alive, than dead;
 Because as they passed o'er the field,
 They both were more than half congealed;
 For when e'en wine is in a sweat,
 It icicles with a rag that's wet,
 And all such things as glass and stones,
 Are not more porous, than are flesh and bones.
 The more so, when not sheath'd in fat,
 And flannel waistcoats and all that.

All wet, each little breeze that blew,
 Chilled 'em miserably thro' and thro'.
 Had they one moment called a halt,
 Each migh have lost all power of action,
 And have become a petrification,
 Or at the least, a *pillar of salt* !*

As this has happened once of yore,
 And very likely oft times more;
 Which shews of *ashes* man's not made,
 And that he's *salt* from foot to head!
 And this perhaps they both well knew,
 So trudged as fast as they could go;
 For though our vanity is great,
 And we like everlasting fame,
 To see our statue in the street,
 Which may thus eternise our name,

* In Lot's wife we see an awful example of 'this! although she was only *chilled with horror* on beholding her residence in flames! a sensation we admit of as natural now-a-days!

We much prefer it should be *stone*,
To our own, proper *flesh and bone* !

Fire soon steals the wet from clothes,
But 't isn't quite so dextrous with shoes ;

For if they be not dried at leisure,
They'll seldom fit the former measure.

So that by far the safest way,

Is, to have two sets of legs,

Or change of slippers in one's bags,
Ne'er thought of in a journey for a day.

Thus then, for want of this provision,

They'd travel in an odd condition,

For as the family had none to spare,

They'd go most certainly foot bare.

At least until they reached a spot,

Where shoes were really to be got.

Hob bought a strong and sturdy steed,
That they might go with greater speed ;

And as they both were now to ride,

Like country people, country-fied,

They thought it needful to begin,

By fortifying well within !

And having gratefully repaid the care,

On both sides, parted with a tear !

And forwards they set out once more,

Joan behind and Hob before.

And as they jogged along the road,

That intersected a lone wood,

All was bare and quiet round,

Save where the sun beam on the snow,
 Melted the masses and they fell below,
 Here and there pattering on the ground.
 And at the trembling of each fitful breeze,
 That moved the naked branches of the trees.
 The frost fell crackling in clouds of spray,
 On either side the dreary way.
 For here the spot was high and bleak.
 And nature all around, a wreck;
 Not like the vales where they'd just been.
 Where every bush and tree were green.

And here and there old Dobbin slipt,
 Although an animal that never tript.
 Ne'er came down upon his knees or nose,
 Nor made a faux-pas, nor false step,
 Half a tumble, half a leap,
 As many an out-and-outer does.
 He'd ne'er consent to run a race,
 But jogged on in the self-same pace,
 And therefore never rose to fame,
 Nor got a *Filho da Puta's** name,
 That ruined many a lord in town,
 And many a lady, 'tis well known.
 I mean amongst the higher sphere,

* The Portuguese for "Son of a Cyprian!" The name was no doubt intended as a stigma upon his birth, to proclaim to the world that he was born out of wedlock! *Filho da Puta* was a great favourite with the ladies in the Coteries, whose losses were immense, when it was privately arranged amongst the black-legs, that their fancy stallion was not to come up in time! It is reported they were so exasperated upon the occasion, that it was proposed and passed as a standing resolution, that they would never again countenance any thing *born out of marriage!* with the exception of *Boratti!*

Who seldom much for virtue care,
 Until they meet with that rebuke,
 That e'en a *chancellor* can't brook!
 Which must in fact be pretty broad,
 To shock a lady or a lord!
 But for a lawyer—*broad* indeed!
 Whose *trade's* to plead for fornication,
 Adultery or defamation,
 If he's but *adequately feed*!
 Publicly aiding and abetting vice,
 He isn't likely to be over nice.
 But men in elevated life,
 Who'll take a *concubine* to wife,*
 Can not in justice feel aggrieved,
 If by decorum, not received.
 For *female* courtesy is seldom shewn,
 To *private women of the town*!
 By those who're virtuously inclined,
 And elevated and refined;
 Although there may be very few,
 The strict ordeal could undergo;
 With half at least the thing is certain,
 Could one but look beneath the curtain!

But dullness oft succeeds with *us*,
 And the illiterate, plodding blockhead,
 Almost usually takes the lead,
 Of men of parts and sense, the goose.

* Lady Sugden's rejection at Dublin Castle, shows that our female nobility do not approve of women living with men before marriage! After the ceremony is performed, their morals may be more doubtful and lax!

The major part of every nation,
 Envies and hates a man of sense,
 And of superior intelligence,
 And leagues to keep him in a humble station ;
 From the very cobbler to the lord,
 The literary man's abhorred !*

For envy always shrinks distressed,
 At the excellence with which another's blessed,
 Fretting at other's mental bliss,
 And marring other's happiness !
 But knowledge is the child of evil,
 And fathered on us by the devil,
 When to the garden he crept in,
 And brought in knowledge, death and sin !
 So that 'tis just it should be checked,
 And all intelligence, clown-pecked !

When folly's placed in an official post,
 He'd rather meet a goblin or a ghost,
 A lion, tiger, or rhinoceros,
 Or any thing that's greatly worse,

* It is a very deplorable fact, that the greater portion of the most literary men in this country have at all periods been martyrs to indigence ! either actually expiring of want, or like criminals, the inmates of a prison, during the chief part of their very miserable existences ! One solitary instance amongst the titled and the wealthy has rarely appeared, of patronage and protection to the *friendless author* ! The rich are not backward in heaping extravagant emoluments upon the mere reciters of a man's works ; but the writer may *die in penury without sympathy* ! Half a century after he has ceased to exist, his descendants, if he leave any, have the consolation to see a marble bust, or a monument erected to his memory ! which the object of it, could he rise from the grave, would be likely to pull down and throw at the heads of his ill-timed admirers ! Peel has recently saddled Mrs. Somerville, that *pirate* of literature, upon the public revenue, for £300 a year ! but then *she keeps her carriage in splendour* ! ! Had she lived in a garret, she might have gone to the devil !

Than have a colleague well endowed,
 With all that's noble, great and good.
 But title does less harm by drinking,
 Gaming and carousing, than by *thinking* ;
 For each aristocratic thought,
 Is sure to injure some one's lot ;
 The more so when we've room to think,
 The pterocranium contains,
 In some lone, solitary chink,
 A something that resembles brains.
 For which indeed there's no great need,
 In any aristocratic head ;
 For when it has 'em, they are rarely used,
 Or nine times out of ten, abused.
 So that the concave's better void,
 And then the world is less annoyed,
 For ever cogitating upon evil ;
 Thus scripture says that six in seven,
 Can never pass the gates of heaven,
 And there's no other place, I know,
 To which aristocrats can go,
 Unless it is headlong to the devil !
 And had he taken them at birth,
 He'd have promoted happiness on earth.

This hatred of acquirement, *entre nous*,
 May be very reasonable too ;
 For is it virtuous in any state,
 To encourage what's degenerate ?
 For wisdom's birth degenerated man,
 And placed him on a different plan,

To what was meant at the creation,
 When he enjoyed a simple station.
 Then wisdom never should be used,
 Except on unavoidable occasions ;
 Which rule should never be abused,
 At least amongst enlightened nations ;
 Because 'tis swerving from the *first* intent,
 The primitive arrangement *meant*.

History gives examples of few kings,
 Princes, or any such like things,
 Who ever wished t'outshine a groom,
 Any where but in the drawing room ;
 And if a knowledge of the sciences and arts,
 And all that literature imparts,
 Were the *sole* stepping stone to elevation,
 What were all the nobles of each nation ?
 They wouldn't live in indolence and ease,
 Sate on pleasures and on luxuries,
 And on each sublunary good,
 Without dispensing ought to any,
 But riding comfortably across the stage,
 From earliest infancy to age,
 Always on the shoulders of the many.

They'd occupy their proper station,
 Become the labourers of the nation,
 Or would be usefully employed in trade,
 Or else as serving man or maid !
 For some few hundred years to come,
 To equalize of man the doom !

Because 'tis far too good a thing,
 That *one brood* should be *always* king,
 And others. lords of all the ground,
 And all the cities and the towns around ;
 Whilst all the rest should be the slaves,
 Until they dropt into their graves !
 Thus one in thousands, six or seven,
 Owes no small gratitude to heaven,
 For all the splendour and the luxuries,
 That he from infancy enjoys ;
 Wrung from the agony and care,
 Of those who far less favoured are.
 And who like bees within the hive,
 Labour that the *drones* may live !

He who flîes from knowledge then is right,
 And all the rest of us are wrong ;
 This we should teach with all our might,
 To rich and poor and old and young ;
 For man was made both ignorant and good,
 Who should desire knowledge then—who should ?

CHAP. XIV.

CONTENTS.—*Hob's serious cogitations.—Is attacked by footpads. Joan's unlucky adventure.—Advantage of a shabby appearance in travelling.—Condescension of the robbers.—Frost and early vegetation.—Hob and Joan's accident in crossing the river.—The utility of little specific gravity.—Their providential escape.—Errors in the practice of resuscitation.—Dr. Ure and galvanism.—Death in the tub.*

Hob had now reached the wood's extreme,
 Pondering in silence o'er the past,
 And almost fancying it a dream,
 Resolved the water trip should be the last ;
 For the few moments since he'd left his wife,
 Had brought upon him tenfold more
 Miseries than he'd known before,
 In the whole course of a long life.
 Half determined ne'er again to roam,
 A hundred paces from his home ;
 So that should fate pursue him there,
 He'd have all sorts of help at hand,
 And as it would be too, on land,
 There would be greatly less to fear.

All these different points he weighed,
 Was drawing the inference he'd made,
 When suddenly he heard footsteps,
 Quickly approaching him both left and right,
 And though he kicked with all his might.
 Dobbin would not accelerate his hips.
 He'd never budge an atom faster,

How great so ever the disaster !
 Though eternity should stare him in the face,
 And he could avoid the fate before him,
 He wouldn't gallop e'en a single pace,
 To gratify the mare who bore him.

Hob had great cause to be alarmed,
 For out sprang four upon him, armed.
 Joan in the agitation of the dread,
 No sooner had they come in sight,
 Then off she went upon her head
 Backwards, with her heels upright,
 Right upon a mound of snow,
 Which broke the violence of the blow.

Old Dobbin still kept jogging on,
 Just as though nought had taken place,
 Till Hob had forced him to turn face,
 To meet his fate and comfort Joan;
 Who recollecting nought at all,
 About her topsy-turvy fall,
 Was in an agony of grief,
 Supplicating mercy from each thief;
 Who seeing they had not e'en shoes,
 And therefore little left to lose,
 And that their habiliments looked
 Draggled, disordered and unclean,
 For they had under water been,
 And had got tolerably mucked;
 And as they'd luckily got before,
 A handsome haul from three or more,

Who had just passed the self-same way,
 All individually, every one,
 Offered their civilities to Joan,
 Then helped her on and wished them a good day ;
 For they unanimously scorned to rob,
 Two figures such as Joan and Hob.

This singular example shews,
 That when we travel on a lonely road,
 Our dress ought never to be good,
 Nor should we go with wig or shoes ;
 And then,
 'Twere better to be tall and thin ;
 For misery in dress and body too,
 Would cozen the penetration of a Jew ;
 As few for superfluity would look,
 Where all of want and misery partook.
 Who would ever go to rob a hut,
 When there's a mansion on the spot ?
 When there are plenty too within,
 There is little difficulty to win !
 For though they may not lend a hand,
 Who can prevent their sleeping sound ?

The fields around show'd signs of tillage,
 About each little straggling village.
 The thaw had broken up the earth,
 To give each early plant its birth,
 When the nutritious sap doth rise,
 Thro' all its cellular concavities,
 And with the sun's creative ray,

Opening up a ready way,
 For the ingress of vegetable matter,
 To satisfy the cravings of each creature.

All inanimated nature round,
 Sympathises with the brittle ground,
 Where the frost breaking, penetrates,
 'Tween every ancient brick and stone,
 Of portals, bridges, walls and gates,
 With ivy, grass or moss o'ergrown :
 'Tis not the earth that feels, alone.

Each has more rapid tendence to decay,
 In a winter's, than in a summer's day.

In winter all is soft and friable,
 And therefore liable
 To crumble, at the gentlest brush,
 Or slightest, accidental push.
 In summer all is hard, compact and dry,
 The sun absorbing the humidity.

From the road our travellers took.
 Dobbin was forced to cross a brook,
 And the instant they had reach'd the edge.
 Of the little ancient bridge,
 Which had long fallen to decay,
 Above, below, on either way,
 And for half a century past,
 Each day had seemed to be its last,
 Rugged and mouldering like a ruined church,
 Or ancient castle wall, or castle arch,
 Which throws down here and there a stone,

Till all have disappeared and gone,
And time digested the last one.

Joan recollecting what befell before,
From such a bridge, while passing o'er,
Would fain have gone some two miles around,
Because 'twould be on solid ground.

Hob had little fear about him,
And if he had had, he could swim,
And he would never let his Joan,
Flounder about and sink alone.
So, though induced to keep her seat,
Her heart, just like a paddle, beat.

They'd reached just where the middle lay,
When the old centre stone gave way,
The whole concentered with a sweep,
And all rushed headlong to the deep.

In all the crash and spray and dust,
The travellers were overwhelmed and lost,
But happily they kept above the stones,
For had they but got underneath,
Each would have been pressed to death,
And none could have fished up the bones!
So, when we tumble from on high,
We should have no specific gravity,
As others, heavier, will get between us,
And thus effectually screen us.
And when I take a trip in a balloon,
As soon

As I've resolved upon the plan,
 I shall select a proper man.
 To guard against the ills of fate,
 He shall at least be twice my weight.
 Thus if our canvass go to wreck,
 And we get both precipitated down,
 He may be the first to break his neck,
 Whilst I, in tumbling on him, save my own!

But in a very short time, Hob,
 Appeared above with his bare nob,
 And looking anxiously around for Joan,
 He inward sigh'd—"Fates, will be done"
 But soon his Joan and Dobbin too,
 Both happily came into view.
 Joan had seized Dobbin by the queue,
 Determined not to let it go,
 And he went right before the wind,
 While she kept holding on behind,
 And when he'd reached the river's brink,
 Stood still to nibble and to drink,
 Leaving the disconsolate, wet Joan,
 Cold and dejected and alone.
 Hob wasn't long before he reached the strand,
 And landed like the others, on dry land.

But water is the same as ground!
 So all one really has to do,
 In order one may not get drown'd,
 Is, keep the head up from below.
 Keep but a clear passage in the throat,

And then the soul will ne'er turn out.
 And while the soul is kept within,
 'Tis easily revived again.

But still there is a vulgar notion,
 That a drowned man has drunk an ocean:
 That if you turn him up side down,
 It will run out and he'll undrown!

But 'tis a beverage men hate,
 Since we've become degenerate;
 And each refuses it, the sinner,
 Whether he's drowning or at dinner.
 Tho' *Adam's* ale, was water from the river;
 And so Eve's ale was Adam's water, ever,
 For as the water did *belong* to Adam,
 'Twas Adam's water that was used by madam!

But water's used as a potation,
 Now only by the *brute* creation,
 And they'd prefer the better cheer,
 Of gin or brandy, wine or beer;
 But we withhold all things, of quality,
 Productive of conviviality,
 From those who labour for our ease,
 And soften down our destinies,
 As we in selfishness can't bear the thought,
 That such should have a cheerful lot!

The experiments by Doctor Ure,*

* Ure made some singular experiments with his galvanic battery upon a dead criminal. In the operations, the lungs were inflated, the breathing effected, the countenance agitated, muscular motion produced to such a violent degree, that some of the pupils ran the risk of a sturdy kick.

Are greatly preferable, I'm sure :
 For if one can inflate the chest,
 Get the pulmones into play,
 Can circulate the blood and all the rest
 Little more is needful by the way.
 A little brandy or some other spirit,
 As a stimulant may have its merit ;
 But I would really not begin,
 By drowning the dead man with gin ;
 Though on its virtues we will write a story,
 And put all its utilities before ye.

DEATH IN THE TUB.

Death in a ramble about town,
 As the Hill of Holborn he came down,
 Suddenly espied St. Andrew's Church,
 And recollecting that from thence,
 Came unto his region souls immense,
 And seeing the sexton just within the porch,
 Asked the reason of so strange a matter,
 Why such mortality, in such a quarter ?

Now, as he upwards paced the steps,
 And pondered o'er the heaps on heaps,

and it was the general opinion that the man would have been resuscitated, had they not previously made incisions with the knife, which prevented the possibility of restoration ! Why is not galvanism employed in suspended animation when drowned, in mine suffocations, apoplexy, paralysis, and as a last resource in a variety of illnesses, to keep death from tranquilly ejecting the soul ?

Piled up in every spot around,
 Both sexes of all ages, poor and rich,
 The wealthiest and wretchedest of each,
 He on a sudden turned him round,
 To see if he could anywhere descry,
 The wherefores and the reasons why.
 And long in this position he'd not stood,
 Ere he beheld across the road,
 A spot where myriads were rolling in,
 And after a short stay within the place,
 With stupid stare and pallid face,
 Came reeling headlong out again,
 Calm and careless of all sublunary evils,
 Or violent and riotous as devils !

Death, wondering at so strange a scene,
 Amongst the eager crowd, pushed in,
 And took his station by a buxom lass,
 Who smiled so sweetly as the cup she took,
 That being fascinated by the look,
 Death pledged her in a bumper glass ;
 When suddenly he felt a vivid flame,
 Like lava thro' his trembling frame !

Gasping and struggling for breath,
 " Here's an old friend indeed," cried Death,
 " This henceforth is my dwelling place !*

* Fearon's noted gin palace, on the descent of Holborn Hill. Here, for eighteen hours out of twenty-four, a tide of mortals are entering in soberness, and retiring in a state of temporary insanity ! This is one of those wholesale laboratories of destitution and depravity, (a nuisance in every large town. to which poverty resorts and increases its distresses, in the attempt to forget them !

With Fearon I'll go hand in hand,
 A fig for all the doctors in the land,
 We can clear off the human race !"
 When in at the bunghole Death did pop,
 And out he cometh now, in every drop !

CHAP. XV.

CONTENTS.—*The pleasure of wet habiliments in winter.*—*Dobbin's philosophy.*—*Difference between long and short muscles.*—*Country ill manners.*—*Ruinous effects of the pressnt mode of banking and bank notes.*—*Habeas Corpus suspension.*—*Hob apprehended.*—*Sanginary nature of priests and soldiers.*—*Russian knout.*—*Catholic inquisition tortures.*—*Cruelty and prejudice of the sect.*—*Sacrilege of public executions.*—*Peel's delight in the practice of them.*—*David and Bethsheba.*—*Solomon and his divine songs.*—*Wisdom of the present race.*—*Detestation of Kings.*

The pillion and the saddle were both wet,
 And they'd some distance to go yet,
 And Hob's chops chattered with the cold,
 As well as Joan's, tho' not so old ;
 And each limb trembled, shrunk and shook,
 Worse than when within the brook,
 For there, altho' the cold was dense,
 Out of it and dripping, 'twas intense.
 Joan gave her clothes a gentle lift,
 And wrung her petticoats and shift !
 Hob pressed his waistcoat and his smallclothes,
 His coat and shirt, cravat and hose.
 While Dobbin nibbled here and there,

His cold and very scanty fare.
 Hob tried to hoist Joan on again,
 But his endeavours were in vain,
 Tho' naturally very strong,
 And quite a Hercules, when young.

Few persons, six feet high and taller,
 Are half so strong, as when they're smaller;
 Which proves that nerves obtain in strength,
 And breadth, what they may lose in length !
 So, Hob drew Dobbin to a mound,
 Which eased him of the labour of the lift,
 For Joan, with pulling upwards made a shift,
 After some toil, to leave the ground.
 And as they along the road did jog,
 Both shivering from toe to chin,
 Each bumpkin, the ill-mannered hog,
 Drew an ugly, ell wide grin,
 At two such figures, wet and pale and thin;
 All the coarse jokings they were forced to hear,
 Of every low, vulgar, country bear !

And when they'd reached the destined goal,
 Hob went nearly mad, poor soul !
 For to his disappointment and surprise,
 And almost doubting his own eyes,
 He found the notes he'd round his waist,
 Were all one mass of *Paper paste* !
 The water had comingled them together,
 And they had dried, as hard as leather !
 And as he had no numbers down,

His paper wasn't worth a crown !
 And had he, t'were of little use,
 The Bank would ne'er be such a goose,
 To change all paper that is blank and wet,
 Upon one's simple ipse dixit !
 For tho' their generosity's well known,
 They're not the greatest fools in town.
 I wonder tho' how much they clear,
 From similar misfortunes every year !
 And tho' of course 'tis 'gainst their will,
 Yet they enjoy the advantage still.*
 For tho' a fire burn all the wealth,
 In notes, of me or you in it,
 Yet in the name of sickness or of health,
 What has the bank to do in it ?

But why should the great paper mill,
 And some nine hundred others, still,
 Be let for their exclusive gains,
 To hang the state's prosperity in chains ?
 To undermine and wreck its wealth,†
 Just like the sapper underground,
 Working his chambers and his mines by stealth.

* All notes unreturned to the bank within a certain number of years, should be carried to the credit of the state. They belong to its citizens and not to the bank, which has value received for every note it issues.

† I have proposed that the nation alone should issue the currency, whether in paper or coin. By becoming the general banker and insurer, instead of private individuals having the privilege, the profits and benefits would furnish the whole revenue, and thus supersede all taxation ! (independently of the public dividends, which ought never to have been saddled upon the present generation,) whilst all fluctuations in prices, and all panics would be for ever put an end to ! My petition upon this subject has hitherto been burked in the Commons ; because it would remedy most abuses. But the nation must ultimately adopt it, or gradually cease to exist.

And when the hollows all around,
 Are crammed up with destructive matter,
 The thunders bellow from the crater,
 And in one awful ruin, lay,
 Houses and walls and men and cattle,
 Just like an earthquake or a field of battle,
 With mangled carcases on every way !

Hob had no sooner reached the inn,
 Than he got into difficulties again.
 A warrant for the apprehension,
 Under the habeas corpus law suspension,
 Was issued for a criminal, no doubt,
 And they had thus far traced his route.
 He was the exact similitude of Hob,
 From the very knee bone, to the nob ;
 Tall and thin and bald-headed and wan,
 So Hob must be the very man ;
 Who, to escape them if he could,
 Had taken the road right thro the wood,
 And forced his horse across the flood !

This they had heard from the marauding set,
 Whom in the wood they'd met ;
 Who judging what they had in view,
 Set off as hard as they could go ;
 As Hob would doubtless spread the alarm,
 And it is wisdom to escape from harm ;
 For when it overtakes one on the road,
 'Tis very seldom for one's good,
 As Hob's short day's experience shews,

And all the world besides, well knows.

This law's the grandest body guard,
That any nation ever had ;
Meant to protect the humblest thing,
From th' arbitrary mandates of a king !
'Tis the only guard, I know,
That ever dreamt of doing so !

For guards are generally an evil,
Their trade, imagined by the devil !
Wretches, ready at command,
To fire or depopulate a land !
Who, for a few pence a day,
Would sweep a population e'en away !
Or wade through sanguinary seas,
Up to their ancles or their knees !
In fact, it is a guard's delight,
To slay and murder, wrong or right !

But guards are not the sole abomination,
That curses man in this his worldly station ;
Because in every state, each *priest*,
Is quite as *sanguinary*, at the least !
And ever ready to suggest a plan,
For *torturing* his fellow man ;
Either upon the racking wheel,
Or upon a hook of steel !*

* The Russian criminals, for certain offences, are hung up on hooks by the ribs, suspended to a gibbet, and suffered to float about with the tide, until they die of lingering torture and starvation !

Till famine eats mortality away,
 And the wretch sinks in slow decay !
 And whilst he's writhing on the spot,
 Does at the same time live and rot !
 Or hanging o'er a kindling fire,†
 Whose embers gradually rise,
 To multiply the agonies,
 Lest early the poor wretch expire !
 Whilst all the sanguinary, joyous, loud,
 Ecstatic exclamations of the crowd,
 O'erpower each sufferer's piercing cries,
 Until the victim sinks and dies !

Or whilst upon the wheel he's broke,
 At every separate, deadly blow,
 Round circulates the execrable joke,
 'Mongst the elevated rich and vulgar low !
 Kings, princesses and *priests* and all, enjoy,
 The consumation of each agony !
 And when in mockery he's raised to stand,
 But falls colapsed in every joint to earth,
 Each delicately female voice and hand,
 Are raised in *ecstasy* and murderous *mirth* !
 All pressing *eager* on, from one to one,

† The sentiments of the Grand Inquisitor of Arragon will give us a faint idea of the cruel and sanguinary natures of ROMAN CATHOLICS against those who differ from them in what is termed a RELIGIOUS creed !

“ S'il arrivait que l'heretique pres d'etre attache au Pieu pour etre brule, donnât des signes de conversion, on pouvait peut etre le recevoir par grace singuliere, mais cela est fort dangereux !

“ J'en ai vu un exemple a Barcelone. Un pretre condamne avec deux autres *heretiques*, et deja au milieu des flammes, cria, qu'on le retirât et qu'il voulait se convertir. On le tira en effet, deja brule d'un cote ! Je ne dis pas qu'on ait bien ou mal fait !--ce que je sais c'est, que quatorze ans apres, on s'aperçut qu'il dogmatisait encore ! On l'abandonna donc une autre fois a la justice, et il fut brule ! ”

As each succeeding victim's *gone* !*

Their criminality no doubt is great,
 Or by such meekness it had been forgiven !
 Though 'tis not treachery against the state,
 Nor is it treason against heaven !
 But 'tis for the enormity, they bleed,
 Of differing with others in their creed !
 Who sins against the dictates of the Pope,
 That holy angel of infallibility,
 Of kind benevolence and sweet humility,
 Must ne'er on this side heaven, hope !
 He must believe what no one can,
 Must eagerly proscribe his fellow man !
 Betray his country, kinsmen, friends,
 Or all his happiness eternal, ends !
 And should he ever doubt or dogmatise,
 He's crushed upon the wheel or fries !

'Tis heaven's benignant will, at every birth,
 A creature more should populate the earth ;
 Then how dares man profanely raise,
 One hand up in his maker's praise,

* This love of cruelty in the Roman Catholics, extends to the *brute* creation even ! I have seen a concourse of ten thousand assembled at their bull fights, where every species of torture was had recourse to, to drive the animals *raving mad* !! A dozen hooks have been forced into different parts of the body, with rockets attached to each of them, so that when a-light, their violent agitation might lacerate and wound ! whilst the fire was consuming the flesh in every direction ! The more the creature raved, the more it added to the delight of its tormentors, male and female, from the age of six to sixty ! particularly amongst the nobility and *priest-hood* !! The curses used by Catholics in their *religious* excommunications, are horrible, and mark the sanguinary disposition of the sect ! for the moment an individual ceases to be a papist, he becomes less cruel ! In their private animosities they don't kill those they hate, like other people, but savagely inflict fractures and wounds, sufficient to destroy twenty lives ! after they are aware their victim has ceased to exist !

Whilst he's lifting up the t'other,
 To sacrifice his fellow man—his brother ?
 Detestable's the law in any feature,
 That deals to man a death permature !
 It seems a monstrous usurpation,
 In the government of any nation.
 This sacrilegeous shedding blood,
 Can have no tendency to public good ;
 Tho' it may gratify a Peel,*
 Who is unhappily too rich to steal,
 Unless it be from public purse,
 And here there is no robber worse !
 For plunder is the deity, adored,
 Beyond the Universes' Lord !
 The greater and more terrible the crime,
 The more we stand in need, that time
 Should, in such event be given,
 To make our peace with man and heaven !

Had David not had time for this,
 Though David heaven delighted in,
 He must have forfeited eternal bliss,
 For his adulterous, murderous sin !
 But he did all that sinner could,
 Unto the *widow* in her widowhood !
 Though he'd more concubines by far,
 Than needful for a man-of-war !

* Whilst Peel was Home Secretary, he was particularly fond of having people publicly strangled for theft ! It would have been better policy to transport them for life, as slaves, to labour for his brother, who had obtained enormous grants of land in New Holland ! But like Nero, his love of cruelty lost sight of his family interest !

But then the favoured Bethsheba,
 So young and beautiful and fair,
 Could ne'er have had so *wise* a son,
 By any other, mortal man !
 The only Jewess upon earth,
 Worthy of such exalted birth !
 Though most were much more virtuous than she,
 Had ne'er enjoyed the assassin's bed,
 Whilst a murdered husband, bled,
 For her lascivious adultery !
 But then this private, monstrous ill,
 Was *necessary* to the *public weal* !
 Yet who'd suspect the perpetrator,
 To be the *favorite of his creator* ?
 But then,
 Times were different—different men,
 As now we do not stand in need,
 Of what the Jewish nation did ;
 Because we're all as wise, at least,
 As all the sages of the east !
 Know the distances of all the stars,
 What's going on in Venus and in Mars.
 From north to south can roam the seas,
 And visit any race we please.
 Familiar with the secrets of creation,
 And every molecule's formation,
 So that no Solomon is now required,
 Nor need our monarchs be inspired !
 But kings have gone quite out of fashion,
 With every *enlightened* nation ;
 Who will all shortly *cease to breed 'em*,

Because they now, *no longer need 'em !*

His songs however are sublime,
And only want a Little's rhyme,
To inspire every one with love,
And set the fancy on the rove,
Of all the evangelic band,
In every chapel through the land !
Which songs had all been lost, we know,
But for David's peccadillo !

CHAP. XV,

CONTENTS.—*Hob is brought before a Magistrate.—His worship's penetration and vulgarity.—Hob is committed to prison.—The Jailor.—Foreign and English jails described.—Lacedemon and its King.—Men created to be slaves.—Kings innately cruel.—Hob encounters a neighbour.—Is released from incarceration.—His worship's alarm and courtesy.—Mal-administration of public affairs.*

Hob was brought before his worship,
A very reputable snip,
Who having read the attestation,
No doubt existed upon the occasion.
And when he'd questioned Hob and Joan,
Apart in separate rooms, alone,
He felt the evidence was clear,
In spite of all that they could swear.
Each gave the same incredible account,

Of what had happened through the day ;
 Of each one's accidents, the whole amount,
 Without a deviation either way.

On which his worship raised his eyes,
 Exclaiming now and then—"damned lies !"

"What ! ninety fathoms deep—no—no,
 With us this won't exactly do !

What ! dyed all over a dark blue,
 Discharged within an instant too !

Why feller !*

I'm well acquainted with the colour,
 I've had it through my hands for years,

And know how very well it wears,

Thou can'st not cozen me in that,

Thou art not talking to a flat !

What ! swallowed by an earthquake too,

And yet unhurt and present now !

Dost think I can believe such stuff ?

Off with these impostors—off ;

With these dog-bitings and bee-stingings and dyeings,

And earthquakings,

And bridge-breakings,

And lyings !

I should be assish by the way,

To think all this could happen in a day !

The story has been planned, no doubt,

* Ever with the vulgar use the vulgar tongue,
 Or they'll not understand you, ten to one.

Speak grammatically with the great,
 And ungrammatically with th' illiterate !

One general rule is, her, him, us, them, me,
 Should always follow the auxiliary--to be !

And the first person present too, should end in s,
 As now I guesses it--and not--I guess !

And got off carefully by rote ;
 And thus it happens usually with knaves,
 Out come improbabilities or truths by halves,
 And so the over-cunning elves,
 Commit themselves.

Our travellers were handed to the jailor,
 Who had been a bankrupt tailor,
 And was placed in this condition,
 To obviate all competition ;
 With a proviso, he should recommend
 His worship, to every former friend ;
 For he had cut for the *haut-ton*,
 Had lived familiarly among
 The greatest spendthrifts of the spot,
 Until he had insolvent got,
 And when the means of loss were o'er,
 No one encountered him, as heretofore,
 With that most warm and hearty shake,
 Nor with the friendly "how d'ye do?"
 Which shew the *interest* we take,
 (If they be rich) in those we know !
 But still he had much more urbanity,
 And gen'ral goodness and humanity,
 Than many whom I've heard described,
 Who ne'er have any, but when *bribed* !

Prison's have less accommodation,
 Than inns, or taverns in a nation ;
 Th' attendance isn't half so good,
 They're usually abrupt and rude ;

And then the ordinary fare, too,
 Is much inferior there too,
 And every separate larder,
 Seems to have been brought from Sparta;
 And all the lodge keepers and cooks,
 Have much of the Spartan looks.
 The dining rooms are not so richly furnished,
 The linen so clean, the plate so highly burnished;
 But then the expense is not so great,
 As in the taverns of the state.
 The floors are usually of stone,
 With little or no carpet on.
 And each gondole or chandelier,
 Doesn't burn half so clear.
 The windows, never decked with French maroon;
 Seldom have a bird's eye view of the town;
 Rarely have a garden or alcove,
 And few birds 'mongst the trees make love!

But then a traveller may live cheap,
 By congregating with a heap;
 That is, with little less or more,
 Than from a dozen to four score! *
 Which are a few to herd together,
 Particularly in sultry weather,
 And when an epidemic rages,
 'Midst poverty in all its stages!

* In a recent official return, eighty four prisoners, all for debts of three pence to forty shillings, were at that time, confined *in one room* in the county jail for Middlesex! although several of the wards were nearly empty, from a defalcation of *privileged debtors*,--gentlemen whose liabilities are more ruinous to society! or who belong to public companies in the city, and are therefore treated like human beings!

Though 't keeps as clear from all the rich,
As if 'twere bribed and paid by each !

Spartans, unless history lies,
Held very numerous assemblies,
Where all the citizens together met,
Conversed on politics and drank and ate.

If the king lost his appetite,
For the black bread and blacker soup,
He was *commanded by the group*,
To wrestle, throw the bar or fight !
Which was all reasonable and right ;
For we all know, that exercise,
Empties the stomach of its crudities,
And whilst the stomach's in condition,
We need no surgeon nor physician.
Besides, he had no time to spare,
For illness or for private care.
He was the head magistrate in station,
'To *serve the citizens*, his occupation ;
And when he led them to the field,
The *first* to combat and the *last to yield*.
Not like the monarchs of our time,
'The puppets of mere pantomime !

What would princes now-a-days,
Think of such ceremonious ways ?
Who pass their every hour at ease,
While millions around them in the state,
Abandoned and unfortunate,
Pine in hunger and in miseries !

But what in reason can they have to do,
 With public wretchedness and woe?

For men for centuries gone by,
 Have all been *made to toil for kings!*
 Then why should kings feel sympathy,
 For such vile, cringing, rampant things?
 Who, it is clear, *have been ordained,*
 To labour *and adore, enchained!*

But we're comparatively free,
 From all the ills of tyranny,
 And racks and tortures and the stake,
 For pure, benevolent, religion's sake!
 Tho' there are many states on earth,
 Where such monstrosities have birth;
 Where in dark dungeons under ground,
 Mouldy and damp and few feet square,
 Steaming with pestilential air,
 Men are closed up from human sound;
 And there they lie as thick as hail!
 Each ever in a constant wail,
 Each ardently entreating death,
 To come amongst them underneath,
 And with a benignant hand,
 Sweep 'em from off the land!
 Each roaring out to be the first,
 To leave the miserable rest, accurst!
 Where every pestiferous exhalation,
 Creeps up on wings of execration!
 Where worms crawl upwards thro' the earth,

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In myriads at a birth !
 And every vile and loathsome insect,
 Is crushed at every step or kicked !

Where wretches fastened to their separate ring,
 Must without limits there remain,
 Each with his thick, short, clanking chain,
 Covered with filth, emaciate and rotting !

Where no voice is heard, except in sighs,
 Never in tender sympathies !
 Where th' only question is a deep'ning groan,
 And the reply's a hollow moan !
 Where all's as dark by day, as night,
 With seldom an artificial light !
 Where rarely aught that's human's heard,
 Except the rustling of each matted beard,
 Which pendent, hangeth to each human head,
 Whether living or amongst the dead !
 Where nought but the pale, sallow, spectre feature,
 Is seen in every dying, living creature !

Such kingly dungeons I have seen exist,
 With all these horrors, at the least,
 A tyranny so demon like, so dread,
 Worse than the damned amongst the dead !
 The very thought of it, alone,
 Curdles up the blood of one !

But princes can imagine nought too foul,
 To torture and torment the human soul !

Demons in every state on earth,*
 The moment they're called into birth!
 The hereditary monarchs of each nation,
 Are noxious reptiles of creation,
 That through its wildernesses wind,
 And sting and poison all mankind!
 Except that titled, sycophantic race,
 Who worship and adore the *crown*,
 (For ribbons, pensions and for place),
 Like Baal of antique renown;
 But care no more about the *man*,
 Than I care for the Tartar's Khan.

Hob had got a lodging it was clear,
 But chanced to meet a neighbour there,
 Who had contracted to throw up an aisle,
 To the old, thickly crowded jail!
 As jails are made expressly for the poor!
 Who often are obliged to steal, to live,
 We shall soon want some thousands more,
 If toil in future doesn't better thrive!

* A catholic priest, who for many years had resided with the Aborigines in the wildernesses of South America, assured me, they have a tradition which they accredit--"that the world was made by a GOOD SPIRIT, but dying, it fell under the controul of a BAD SPIRIT! who conceived a hatred to mankind, and determined to render them for ever miserable! That he first sent diseases amongst them; then vices, to be set in motion by ambition, avarice and imaginary wants! and lastly he bethought him of letting a few become KINGS! Each would select a number to surround him, as an aristocracy, who would distress the rest, by living upon their labours! That he would appoint priests to sow discords, dissensions and prejudices throughout each community! and soldiers to carry fire and sword into the habitations of such as should oppose his will! That the bad Spirit soon discovered his vices, diseases, kings, priests, aristocracy and soldiers had turned every good thing upon the face of the earth into bitterness, for nine tenths of the human race, and so ordained their perpetual existence!" My informant is of opinion, that these notions were inculcated by the CASIQUES, at the period Pizarro and his catholic priests and soldiers were in the hot pursuit of all sorts of cruelty towards the mild and amiable natives!

He would have certainly got snugly fixed,
 And 'mongst a comfortable number mixed,
 Had it not happened that his friend,
 Was accidentally at hand;
 And though a builder, was a man of sense,
 Of decent brick and mortar like intelligence;
 And off he set to undeceive his curship,
 That is, his very learned worship;
 Who having heard what he ne'er dreamed,
 That Hob was reputable and esteemed,
 A man of great integrity,
 The soul of good society,
 His worship instant took the alarm,
 Roar'd out against the corpus act suspension,
 Hoped that he would pardon the detention,
 As he could ne'er have meant him harm!
 Rattled an artillery of thunder,
 Against the first causes of the blunder;
 Perused the attestation once again,
 When it, at second sight, appeared as plain,
 As ever could a poker or pike-staff,
 That Hob was too respectable by half!
 That nothing but a fool could be deceived,
 And that he had been so, he grieved!
 Declared they shouldn't stir from thence,
 Until the lady and his reverence,
 Had changed their clothes,
 Got shoes,
 Had laid a contribution on the cook;
 And then insisted that his good friend Hob,
 Should now accept a new peruke,

To cover once again his nob !

How noble and superior's the man,
 Who does make reparation where he can,
 Although he really does no more,
 Than undo what he did before.
 No honest man should e'er do less,
 In having done an injury, than this.
 But all oppressive ministers of state,
 Very naturally feel a hate,
 To all who offer opposition,
 Or 'gainst their measures e'en petition ;
 And then each victim is pursued,
 Whether through bad report or good,
 By this birth-right law suspension,
 That vengeance mayn't incur detention ;
 And however poor in station,
 Or innocent the man may be,
 He must ne'er count on reparation,
 From a monarchical ministry !

But we may bully and rave out,
 And make a riot and a rout,
 About suspending of this law,
 Which act I usually abhor,
 But it is sometimes for the best,
 And we have proved it here, at least,
 For what could Hob and Joan have done,
 Had they not been sent to prison ?
 The water had destroyed his money,
 And no one would have lent him any.

But ministers in any kingly state,
 Are none of them immaculate.
 They think of nought but speculation,
 For every friend, in every station ;
 Impartially ne'er care for merit,
 Are influenced by party spirit,
 Not distributing the public purse,
 That it become a blessing—but a curse !
 Not like a gentle, fertilising rain,
 Which has been levied from the flood,
 To spread around a general good,
 But like a deluge, rushing to the main,
 Befriending none,
 Except some solitary one,
 And o'er the lands of all the rest,
 Spreading an universal pest !

CHAP. XVII.

CONTENTS.—*Hob proceeds on his journey, with prudent resolutions.*
 —*Coach travelling sensations.*—*Jackass and the moor.*—*Coal pits.*—*Hob and Joan's disappearance.*—*Gods and goddesses.*—*Battle between the smugglers and the soldiers.*—*Dobbin's death.*—*Coroner's verdict.*
His burial and epitaph.

Our travellers set off in pleasant mood,
 Resolving to shun every wood,
 And cellar door and garden gate and bridge,
 And flood,

As these things never augur good ;
 Keep always on the level road or moor,
 Where they could see each path secure.

 This is by far the better way,
 Whether we go by night or day.
 Why, to save an hour in twenty one,
 I should resolve to risk a bone,
 Wait forty days to get it mended,
 With all the doctor's fees and inn expense,
 And loss of time and misery immense,
 When all, with less impatience, had well ended ?
 Why be such a thoughtless fool,
 To save an hour—risk a skull ?

 It is agreeable no doubt,
 To be a short time only on the route,
 Driven as it were by tempest,
 Which gives vivacity and zest ;
 Where this is looking out for storms,
 And others in continual alarms.
 Now the vehicle bounds o'er a stone,
 The jerk comingling every one.
 Now down a rut again she goes,
 Off go the backs upon their nose,
 And as she up the rut does run,
 Off go the fronts, with nose to meet 'em.
 And as each cart or waggon's past,
 Each one thinks of a shipwrecking,
 Or of a wheel or axle breaking,
 And that each moment is his last ;
 When here's, a "merry on us," there's, a squall,

Which passes the time tolerably well.

So that Hob perhaps was right,
 To go a gentle, jig-gog pace,
 Rather than risk a race-horse race,
 Of eighty leagues in the day and night.
 So on they trotted o'er the moor,
 Spots which shew where nature's poor,
 Seldom affording e'en sufficient grass,
 To keep alive a cottage ass ;
 Which when dependant on the moor alone,
 Is something like a bag of skin,
 With little of any thing within,
 But kept asunder here and there, by bone ;
 And as he looketh round on those who pass,
 His tout ensemble seems to sigh—alas !

In many parts we meet old mines of coals,
 That is to say, deep, dreary holes,
 That have for ages been forsaken,
 Brambles have grown across, around,
 So that they look like solid ground,
 For solid ground are oft mistaken.
 So, when you pass such places by,
 'Tis dangerous to go too nigh.
 On this account I'd recommend,
 To every unsuspecting friend,
 Whene'er he sees a clump of bramble,
 Not to ride headlong thro't, a scramble.

Hob looking round whilst jogging on,

Secure of any fresh mishap,
 Dobbin went trot into the trap,
 And every trace of them was gone !
 They'd disappeared as clearly from above,
 As those who have dwelt years with Jove.

That is to say, with Jupiter,
 Whose thunder maketh such a stir,
 Amongst us mortals here below,
 The spousey of the pretty Juno ;
 Who, to enjoy his kiss alone,
 Plundered Cupid's mother's zone.
 Which caused a gen'ral row above,
 Ere Venus got her girl of love :
 And there is still a doubt, between us,
 Whether more gods did not *adhere to Venus*,
 By far, than to the mighty Jove !
 This happens probably in all the spheres,
 Whether in the moon or sun or earth,
 For a trifle of mischievous mirth.
 A world is got about a husband's ears !

Hob and Joan turned pale as death,
 As they sink silently beneath,
 But each kept steady in his seat,
 Though in a sort of ague sweat ;
 And neither had the power to call,
 To any gods or goddesses at all ;
 Nor am I either very clear,
 That any goddess could have heard 'em there ;
 Nor would she have been such a fool,
 To follow them down such a hole,

Feeling no interest in Joan ;
 And as for Hob, he wasn't *young* !
 What goddess would thus lose her time,
 Unless her protégé was in his *prime* ?
 As all she'd care a bit for, is a kiss,
 And Hob could not have given this.

Dobbin kept himself upright,
 And reached the bottom on his pins,
 'Thout either grazing tail or shins,
 And at a distance saw a light.
 He never changed his jig-jog pace,
 But made directly for the place,
 Coolly and calmly in the self-same mood,
 As when he met the foot-pads in the wood.

The cavern was the hiding place,
 Of something like the human race,
 For here and there, just on th' expire,
 Were flitting embers of a fire,
 With here and there placed round, a stone,
 To sit down comfortably on.
 A little further lay an oar,
 A mast and sail just on before,
 And some few hundred kegs of gin,
 Were in full gallop rolling in !

The secret now was very clear,
 A company of smugglers were near.
 Hob pulled, tho' Dobbin would'nt stand,
 But kept him head on to the strand.

And Joan was petrified with fear,
 For shots innumerable rent the air.
 The soldiery had traced the spot,
 And nothing less would do, than *shot* !
 The men fought stoutly to protect the gin,
 Keeping the *sabre* men from coming in,
 But when they saw a horse at hand,
 Fearful they might be surrounded,
 Out every devil of 'em bounded,
 To fight it out upon the sand.

But ah ! the next unlucky round,
 Brought Dobbin tranquil to the ground.
 The bullet entered at his chest,
 And without any more to do,
 Went from end to end, right through ;
 Thus the evidences go, at least.
 But the particulars they don't explain us,
 The verdict was, of every soul,
 That he had died of an unnatural hole,
 Made from the pulmones, to the anus !

The jury threw out the bill against the ball,
 Because it was a *soldier's* shot ;
 And had it gone thro' Hob and all,
 It would indeed have mattered not,
 As, *citizen assassination*, *

* We have an example of the ferocity of English soldiers, in their late murderous attack upon the citizens at Wolverhampton, for simply expressing their disapprobation of Goodricke's return, as member for that division of the county of Warwickshire ! And yet these men are sympathised with when they get the cat-o-nine-tails ! One would imagine that when the government puts arms into the hands of men who have been deprived

Is the soldier's *avocation* !
 Hired by kings express for this,
 To *aid* in their *monstrosities* !
 'Tis why we feel a detestation,
 For men in such an occupation ;
 And why 'tis felt a foul disgrace,
 To breathe the air of the same place,
 Or go within some yards of men,
 Who are the devil's brethren !

Hob and the smugglers were secured,
 And all put under a strong guard ;
 But as Hob shortly made it clear,
 By accident they'd got them there,
 Were neither aiders nor abettors,
 They soon released them from their fetters,
 Upon their own recognizance,
 To appear when called in evidence.

Hob now procured another horse,
 Resolved to take the shortest course
 He could, to reach his home again,
 And there for ever to remain.
 If this were travelling for pleasure,
 With circumspection too and leisure,
 What in the name of fortune would it be,
 Had he run on incautiously ?
 If this were the delight of travelling,
 He'd rather face a javelin,

of the birth right which nature intended all her creatures to enjoy, they would turn round and recover it, instead of aiding the tyrants to oppress them.

And so be sent at once from hence,
Not killed by inches, in suspense.

As Dobbin was a faithful beast,
It were ingratitude, at least,
To place him underneath the sod,
Without exhibiting the merit,
Which he did actually inherit,
Altho' no out-and-outer on the road;
So that I shall record his fame,
And to posterity transmit his name,
With more delight than had he been
Related, to a king or queen!
Or was a *cut-throat* of renown,
Who'd fired and plundered many a village,
Or, had given up to pillage,
Many a city or a town!

DOBBIN'S EPITAPH

The spot is worthy Dobbin's bed.
Six feet below it rests each weary bone.
His virtues carved upon this post, instead
Of stone;
For no stone offered on the strand,
Nor was a chisel then at hand.

He was as mild and quite as humble,
As Moses or the meekest of his race.
Seldom got an upset or a tumble,

So rarely broke his master's ribs or face.
 Never was restive, reared nor plunged,
 Nor flew from side to side, nor lunged.

Seldom galloped, e'en when young ;
 When in the lanes he passed a mare,
 He never with his neighings rent the air,
 Nor danced and pranced about and flung.

Kept in the same jig-jog for ever,
 And would adopt another—never.

On Sunday always bore the vicar,
 Stood tranquil whilst he supped his liquor,
 Went straight from church to church, and then,
 Bore him home tolerably mugged again !

Passed through life without offence,
 Although he oft got cuffs immense ;
 Bore all in calmness from his birth,
 Until his latest hour on earth.

Ye clamorous breakers and ye beating rains,
 Wash not up his cold remains,
 But here in quiet let them lie,
 Tranquil through an eternity ;
 Or until the compounds of creation,
 Take their primitive formation,
 And all the mineral and metal matter,
 And vegetation, flesh and water,
 And all the huge and mountain masses,
 Like sal-volatile evaporise,
 Making a sphere of simple gases,
 And floating ethereal through the skies !
 Until ordained again to blend,

And in a nucleus descend,
 As the new molecules of birth,
 To form a *second* and a *better* earth !
 For fire turns all things to a cloud,
 Nature's grand matrix and her shroud !
 Then passing upwards in a flame,
 Changes its very self, the same !
 Till all things change, may Dobbin rest,
 Because he was a faithful beast !

CHAP. XVIII.

CONTENTS.—*Hob resumes his journey.—Vicissitudes of a squire's horse.—Man's ingratitude to the objects of his pleasures.—Friends in prosperity are enemies in adversity.—Force of habit irresistible.—Hob and Joan go a hunting against their will.—Their ludicrous appearance.—Joan's unlucky accident.—Evil consequence of laughing at full gallop.—Roman general and the Carthaginians.—Miracle of the Roman knight and his horse.—Napoleon's want of faith.—Necessity of saints in battle.—Avarice and inhospitality of riches.—Joan's ingratitude common to man.*

After having buried Dobbin,
 Our adventurers set off again,
 Loading another wretched beast,
 Which, when a horse has been well worn,
 Can't be so acceptable as corn ;
 Corn must be preferable, at least.

Leap had been a hunter in his time,

Had borne Sir Harry this, and Squire t'other,
 Who'd treated him just like a brother,
 But now alas ! he'd past his prime !
 Did he but take a little cold,
 And had a whiteness on the tongue,
 The doctor visited him while *young*,
 But *never* after he *grew old* !

He was the subject of debate,
 Early in the morn and late.
 All treated him with rapture at the table,
 Each went to pat him in the stable :
 He never broke his master's neck,
 Nor gave the family a kick,
 But bore him ever safe and sound,
 Over the ruggedest of ground,
 Whether it was in the chace,
 Or at a Newmarket race.

No creatures were more intimate,
 In any station of the state.
 The squire preferred him to his wife,
 And every other thing in life !
 He was nothing without his horse,
 Nor he without the squire, of course.
 'Twas thought that both the horse and groom,
 Would ornament the drawing room ;
 And that a sofa might be made for Leap,
 Of altitude sufficient, with a step,
 Where he might hear the squire chit-chat,
 'Bout politics, the weather, and all that,

Sit and look sideways at his ease,
And hum the second part in glees !

But a rival is the very devil ;
To Leap it proved the source of evil.
She was more elegant than he,
More delicate in symmetry,
For Leap was getting old and grey,
Of course was daily less admired,
Until at length his presence tired !
The groom neglected him for Fly,
Who in her turn would be laid by ;
And deaf to the voice of gratitude,
To the diversions of the chace,
And ample gains in many a race,
The squire sold him for the road !

To be well flogged until he bled,
To be hard worked and harder fed.
When with one tyrant he had done,
To run the gauntlet for some other one.
Hungry and fainting with fatigue,
Still whipt on many a weary league !
And when his daily work was o'er,
As though he never should rise more,
He'd sink upon his bed of straw,
Regardless of all he heard or saw,
In grief to ponder o'er his happier days,
When the worst word he heard was praise.

His master daily saw him pass,

Leap turned with broken heart to meet him,
 Yet never once did he, alas !
 In sympathising friendship greet him :
 Soothe him with a momentary caress,
 Nor e'en a token of the smallest kindness !

This puts one much in mind of friends,
 Obsequious for their private ends,
 But should adversity e'er be your lot,
 'They know you not !
 They'll bask in the sunshine of prosperity,
 Laugh at each foolery, as wit,
 Skip about in ecstasy so merrily,
 Make of the cat or lap dog, quite a pet !
 Run through thick and thin, by night and day,
 However dark or drearissime the way !
 Extol your wine and pastries to the skies,
 Tell every body of the luxuries.
 Bring friends to witness and enjoy,
 The princely hospitality !
 To miss, who's just began to prattle,
 A tetotum or little doll or rattle.
 Fondle, kiss, hug and carry her about,
 And almost squeeze her little soul out !

Come but reverses—by the morn,
 Most of your faithful friends have flown !
 Your eloquence is now dull foolery,
 The sharpest wit—low drollery ;
 The cat or lap dog now would get a kick,
 The horse, instead of fondling—a stick !

The pretty, little, sweet, engaging miss,
Would get her little nose tweaked, for a kiss !

Each friendly liberality's forgot,
That had so often been enjoyed ;
Each one desires, not to be *annoyed*,
But that you keep aloof, and rot !

'Tis very general in human nature,
A pretty universal feature !
Whilst you can add to other's pleasure,
You'll be caressed beyond all measure ;
But when you can do this no more.
Never enter your friend's door,
He'll be sure, never to be in,
Though you may call and call again !
Each hospitable liberality,
Makes an enemy, in formality !
And when *that* hospitality's withdrawn,
You meet with no return, but *scorn* !

Leap had the load upon his back,
Like any other common hack,
And trotted gently along the road,
Like his associates, in dullest mood !
But th' instant they had reached the place,
Where he had oft enjoyed the chase,
The stag and hounds appeared in view ;
Forgetful of his humble sphere,
And what he carried in the rear,
(I'the midst of every face he knew,)
Off he set to join the pack,

With Hob and Joan upon his back !

His master so enjoyed the fun,
 That he determined to prolong the run.
 Joan screamed and rolling on the saddle,
 In her flurry got astraddle !
 Hob pulled and tugged and called out too,
 But all his tugging wouldn't do ;
 Leap would accompany the rest,
 Whether he got cursed or blest ;
 Whether they kept on or no,
 Onward he resolved to go.
 Hob roared, but Leap kept up the run,
 Desperate to enjoy the fun.
 Each one was convulsed with laughing,
 Until he'd nearly died of coughing.
 No one had power to guide his horse,
 Which made the scene more ludicrous !
 A sympathy that's not uncommon,
 With every humane man or woman,
 Who, at the prospect of a broken neck,
 Will stand and laugh for a whole week !

Leap dashed o'er mountain, hill and dale,
 Through forest, meadow, copse and vale,
 O'er gate and rivulet and stile,
 For many a long mile ;
 Following unstopped, the hounds and stag,
 In every possible zig-zag,
 Panting and almost out of breath,
 Resolved he'd not be second at the death !

Fearing each minute was her last,
 Hob bawled to Joan to hold her fast,
 And whenever Leap upsprung,
 To clear an obstacle in either way,
 To the mane and pommel tight Hob clung,
 And tight to Hob clung she!
 And when descending headlong down,
 Rushing on with all his might,
 Hob hung back or he'd been thrown,
 And Joan went nearly with her legs upright!

After many ups and downs and scrambles,
 In which Leap constantly succeeded well,
 And neither of the travellers fell,
 Joan got laid upon a mound of brambles,
 As she could hold her on no more,
 For every knuckle bone was sore.
 Delivered from his weight behind,
 Leap instantly recovered wind,
 And on he rushed with Hob alone,
 Who rode him easily 'thout Joan.

This climax of Joan's wretched luck,
 Almost stifled every buck.
 One fell right headlong from his horse,
 And in an hour was a corse!
 Thus we should never hunt and laugh,
 For 'tis too perilous by half.
 'Twas now a serious affair.
 And each one left his mettle mare,
 And they set off to join the sport,

Free from restraint of any sort,
 Leaving each huntsman round his friend,
 To witness his melancholy end,
 Who from the moment of his fall,
 Did recognise no one at all.

He was in an instant bled,
 But it was evidently plain,
 An injury was done the brain,
 As the whole weight was on the head ;
 Although the skulls of country squires,
 Are pretty thick, in sons or sires !
 And must require a mighty shock,
 To disarrange the inner work,
 Which is in general so small,
 That there has often been a doubt,
 If heads so very thick without,
 Could have an inner work, at all !

They took him to the neigh'bring town,
 But 'ere they reached it, he was gone ;
 And all accompanied him on foot,
 From the very melancholy spot,
 Quite regardless of poor Joan,
 Now unbefriended and alone !
 The thorns had entered through her clothes,
 As we may very well suppose,
 And thus in agony she screaming lay,
 Without the power to get away ;
 For as she turned herself about,
 The points went regularly in and out !

Happy had she thought herself, if like
 The Roman general's had been her lot,
 When by the Carthagenians he was got
 Into a pipe, with here and there a spike !
 Rolled from the summit of a steep,
 Into an eternal sleep !

The death was horrible, but expeditious,
 Though I should think the history, fictitious ;
 As well as of the Roman knight,
 Who, to secure his country's good,
 Jumped horse and all, in armour as they stood,
 Into a chasm and disappeared outright !
 And when the cavern felt them in,
 It instant closed its rugged mouth,
 And without ceremony, eat 'em both,
 As clearly up, as though they'd never been !
 Devoured armour, sword and saddle,
 Spurs, boots and breeches and the knight astraddle !
 Such miracles we're often told,
 Were frequently performed of old ;
 But then it needed much more *faith*,
 Than mortal man at present hath !

With faith, Napoleon had raised the Alps,
 Leaving a military road below,
 So that the two and four legged whelps,
 Could have marched comfortably through,
 Instead alas !

Of spending months to cut a pass !
 And when his foes were underneath,
 He could have let the mountain go,

And thus effectively hurled death,
 On every enemy below !
 And this had no doubt been th' effect,
 Had he been one of the *elect* !
 For any one, of course, of these,
 Can lift from their concavity, the seas,
 Without the ancient, magic wand,
 And set the waters upright on the land !
 Can do much more than Moses did,
 And more than ever he was *bid* !

All vessels should have holy tailors,
 Or holy tinkers, 'mongst their sailors :
 And some of the evangelic group,
 Should march with every company and troop :
 As each unfriendly bayonet or ball,
 When it came in contact with the head,
 Would innocent and harmless fall,
 Or backwards bend, as soft as lead !
 With faith, all that's beneath the sun,
 Can instantly be done—or undone !

Fortunately one was passing by,
 Who heard Joan piteously cry,
 And so released her hastily ;
 Clearing the brambles with his axe,
 Like Hercules, or rather Ajax ;
 Then led her to his cottage on the moor,
 Where he and family lived very poor !
 But hospitality does often dwell,
 Within the rustic's humble cell,

Although to riches 'tis unknown,
 A virtue they now never own !
 Renowned as generous, I know not one,
 Avarice and self are ruling passions
 With all, in all the higher stations,
 Where every benevolent sensation's gone !
 And this is one good reason why,
 I'd revoke all nobility !
 Who, like the canker upon vegetation,
 Live on the vitals of the nation !

Hob, when he found himself alone,
 Trembled for the fate of Joan,
 But 'twas impossible to stop the horse,
 Which still continued the same course.
 Gasping with terror and for breath,
 He reached the stag, a pris'ner on the heath ;
 But when he anxious looked around,
 And saw no sportsman on the ground,
 He fancied that his niece was killed,
 And had been carried from the field ;
 And in despair and hope forlorn,
 He inward sighed—" fate's will be done !"

So up he got on Leap again,
 Retracing his route across the plain,
 To see if he could find the spot,
 Where she her topsy-turv} got !
 And on he rode with all his might,
 Eagerly looking left and right ;
 But as he passed a cottage gate,

Close to the door Joan sat !
 She had concluded Hunks was dead,
 That he had left her in a good condition ;
 But here alas ! he stood instead,
 And really not his apparition !

This was black ingratitude in Joan,
 To wish her benefactor gone,
 But such is oft entailed on wealth,
 Those interested, hate to see one strong.
 Moderate and robust, in health,
 Happy and likely to live long !
 But nothing, it was very plain,
 Would induce Joan to mount again.
 After being thrice thrown off,
 She really had run risks enough :
 So they proceeded from the spot,
 Towards the neigh'bring town, on foot.

CHAP. XIX.

CONTENTS.—*Hob and Joan dine with the squire.—Glees the fashion of the times.—The squire's conscience and his repurchase of Leap.—Hob's chaise mishap.—Joan's tandem adventure.—Toll's stupidity and prudent resolution.—Moral reflection on bishops and pcers.—Joan's accident and Hob's amazement.—Cato's doctrine of suicide.—Folly of despondency.—A pistol recommended to friends in poverty.*

The squire met 'em on the road,
 Offered his mansion for their night's abode,

But anxious to get home by day,
 Hob excused so long a stay ;
 Yet he consented to go in,
 And get refreshed 'ere they set off again,
 Although determined to be back,
 Before it actually grew dark

They took a hasty dinner with the squire,
 Related their adventures round the fire,
 Hob played the fiddle, whilst Joan and he,
 And the squire and his lady, sung a glee !

For glees were very much the go,
 In the best societies, you know.
 Even in a morning's walk,
 Glees lone were all the talk ;
 And where'er you stopped to dine,
 Glees accompanied the wine.
 If you popt on politics or church,
 All left you promptly in the lurch,
 To karmonize and practice glees :*
 Nothing else in short, would please.

The squire sent an offer to the inn,
 Proposing to take Leap again,
 Pitying the animal's distress.

* As a piece of information which seemed to astonish the Commons. Mr. Warburton assured the members, in the evangelical debate for depriving the working classes of all recreation on Sundays, that "30 or 40 years ago he was accustomed to visit families on the seventh day, where workmen joined with the rest of the company in singing glees!" If he had been in the habit of residing in catholic countries, he could have told them that it is still the custom! They go to church in the morning and to the theatres, ball rooms and card assemblies in the evening. They imagine they fulfil the intention of providence if they practice devotion and diversion on the day set apart to rest from labour.

Steaks readily accepted a release,
 As he had long begun to fear,
 Leap might one day cost him dear ;
 For though he didn't shrink from work,
 Yet he was falling off and dull,
 As though the creature's heart was full,
 And his noble spirit, broke.

Some thought it the effect of whim,
 Or that his friends had rallied him.
 Perhaps his conscience interfered,
 As such a thing we've often heard !
 Acts of injustice are committed,
 And at the moment, unregretted,
 But the small voice of keen remorse,
 Follows, as a thing of course.
 The most convenient way, I know,
 Is, to rub off as on we go !
 Not suffering accumulation,
 Till death prevents a reparation.

The squire offered Hob a chaise,
 That he might travel more at ease,
 With a lacquey to attend behind,
 Which was exactly to his mind.
 He usually drove a princely pace,
 Covering much, in little space.
 Indeed he'd not the whole day yet.
 Let grass grow underneath his feet.
 And as he loved the reins and whip,
 In a neck or nothing trip,

He'd ride 'gainst any for his hat and wig,
 With a good horse and decent gig.
 Would drive within a hair, nor warn you.
 Brush your axle and not overturn you,
 Whip round a corner clean and clear it,
 Without ever going near it.

In fact, he'd all the smart agility,
 Of our bang-up, mail-coach nobility.
 The men of four in hand renown,
 The greatest vagabonds in town !
 Whom fate has raised, as if in sport.
 To shew the follies of a court !
 T' exhibit those who wait on kings,
 As the most degenerate things !
 Kings, the destroyers of all human bliss.
 And every earthly happiness !

'And Joan felt not the least alarm,
 As hitherto they'd 'scaped from harm ;
 And when we do, we feel secure,
 Against all dangers for the future ;
 Which is a confidence, we see,
 Peculiar to each ministry.
 Because they hold the reins to day.
 They fancy they'll ne'er pass away ;
 Become the tyrants of the land,
 And thus with kings, go hand in hand !

The moment Hob relaxed the rein,
 Dash started off with fullest speed.
 Taking of every thing the lead,

Like a six pounder down the lane.
 Hob at a sharp turning met another,
 And bang they went, comingling together !
 Had he not thought him further off.
 He'd have got round him clear enough.
 But the stranger pounced right down upon him,
 And never undertook to warn him ;
 And Hob, unconscious of the danger,
 Ne'er undertook to warn the stranger.
 The wheels in dreadful contact met,
 And threw Joan headlong from her seat,
 And she alighted in the tandem,
 Roley-poley and at random !

The stranger met her face to face,
 Thrown neck and heels into her place !
 Each vehicle rebounded with great force,
 But did not injure either horse.
 Hob couldn't stop the chaise a minute,
 To change the partner he had in it,
 So that in an instant, Joan,
 Was off and out of sight and gone.

Tolls essayed to shut the gate,
 But he attempted it too late !
 And in his eagerness to run across,
 He was knocked down by the fore horse :
 And though he was but little hurt,
 For he received less harm, than dirt,
 He swore he'd never interfere,
 To save a bishop or a peer ;

And no one but an ideot would,
 For they're a very monstrous brood,
 Whom no one but the *devil* would save,
 And no one else will ever have !
 And I've no doubt, that hell's designed,
 Expressly for the richer kind !
 Because the scriptures do declare,
 That *all* the wealthy must go there ;
 For there's no needle's eye, I know,
 Will let the smallest camel through !

Joan called to all upon the road,
 To free her, for the love of god !
 Several tried, but all in vain ;
 When round the horses wheeled again ;
 Just like a wild bull on the town,
 Hunted by pick-pockets down,
 Now furious here, now goring there,
 The terror of each thoroughfare,
 Down which they all affrighted push,
 And get well plundered in the rush ;
 Entering headlong, helter-skelter,
 Any where and every where, for shelter.

The tandem shortly overtook
 The chaise, at the fording of a brook,
 And Joan screamed loudly out for aid,
 But to the declivity it made,
 Turned over in the middle of the rill,
 And she went floating onwards to the mill,
 Not many perches from the spot,

Where she had just her upset got.
 Hob felt such terror and amaze,
 That he set motionless within the chaise,
 As he had little doubt, but Joan,
 Was crushed beneath the wheel, and gone !
 But to his very great surprise,
 He saw her in the surf arise.
 The water, tumbling into spray,
 Had forced her rapidly away,
 But no part of the stream was deep
 Enough, to drown a dog or sheep ;
 Unless the sheep resolved to die,
 Determined underneath to lie,
 Till clearly in eternity !

And this is often times the case,
 With people in a gloomy mood,
 Who'll hang like herrings to a place,
 Where they could ne'er have upright stood.
 And as they take such monstrous trouble,
 To burst this little worthless bubble,
 Strangulation upon bended knees,
 Must surely titilate and please !

There's an advantage in this mode,
 That one can *stop* upon the road,
 Because the remedy's at hand,
 If the sensation isn't bland !
 Or, if disheartened when half way,
 There's still the choice of some delay.

But souls dislike their earthly stay,
 And through each little perforation,
 They seize all opportunities to creep away,
 Unto some other distant station.

So, if we really want it gone,
 A bullet's better, ten to one !
 And this I'd always recommend,
 In poverty, to ever friend,
 Who'll thus escape a churlish world,
 When on its roughnesses he hurled !
 A world who'd tear him limb from limb,
 And for diversion, crucify him !
 For no one e'er can bear his sight,
 When all his wealth has taken flight !
 There's no monster in creation,
 Who meets with half the execration !
 As does the man whom wealth has fled,
 Who's therefore better with the dead !

I say this is the wiser plan,
 When indigence o'ertakes a man,
 If he admire Cato's moral,
 That life's at every one's disposal !
 That none should be obliged to live,
 The moment he has ceased to thrive !
 Thus from ingratitude the world he frees ;
 Himself, from millions of *indignities* !

But one ought never to despond,
 For though the path be dark and dreary,
 A brighter passage may be found,

Of which one may be far less weary !
 So it is wise to banish sorrow,
 Leaving the remedy until to-morrow,
 For melancholy will not always last,
 And there'll be sunshine, when 'tis past.

Like the blue, murky mist that rolls,
 Silent and sullen, over stagnant pools ;
 Or slowly skims on heavy wing around,
 O'er fenny, boggy, marshy, meadow ground,
 Making an artificial night,
 By thus excluding morning's light,
 Until the rosy beam of day,
 Has gradually melted it away !

CHAP. XX.

CONTENTS.—Nuisance of stage coach tipplers.—Hob becomes patient and philosophical.—Eastern paganism.—Their notions of the origin of good and evil.—Hob's erroneous impressions on the article of faith.—Farm on fire.—Hob's courage and philanthropy.—His accident.—Melancholy procession.—Arrival at home.—Sympathy of his neighbours.—Moral reflections.—Conclusion.

The stranger for his tandem left the chaise,
 Which nearly had become a wreck,
 From its attempts on Joan's neck,
 And both once more went different ways.
 Whether the lady took a dram,

To keep the wet from doing harm,
 I'm really not prepared to say,
 Although it is the usual way;
 But, it is probable she did,
 As she e'er kept a bottle by the bed,
 To cure an accidental ache,
 She every morning felt at day break !

As such,
 She'd not forget it in a coach ;
 Though all such travelling, coach gentry,
 Ought to be refused an entry.
 I know of nothing half so foul,
 To every imprisoned soul.
 Exhaling at each breath a pest,
 To inflate the lungs of all the rest.
 Contagion seldom goes abroad,
 Or every coach would be a fever ward ;
 And as it passed each little town,
 Would drop some dying traveller, down.

Hob had by this time nearly grown
 Indifferent, to fortune's frown ;
 Was now too philosophical,
 To let misfortune make him dull.
 Its presence ne'er should weigh us down,
 But why be wretched when 't has flown ?
 'Tis just as though we felt regret,
 To think it should have left us yet !
 But Hob had patient now become,
 As any persecuted saint at Rome,
 Who smiles at racks or tortures even,

With expectations fixed on heaven !
 Feeling each suffering a curse,
 But thankful that it isn't worse.

Not like some nations in the east,
 Who worship some ideal beast,
 Which they conceive the source of evil,
 And which *we* usually term, the *devil*,
 To let their wordly ills be light,
 And every privation slight.
 For they imagine the first cause,
 Originates the best of laws,
 The supreme author of all good ;
 And that another roams the earth,
 From whom all evil takes its birth,
 The monster of ingratitude !
 Who labours night and day, to mar,
 And is eternally at war,
 With ev'ry virtuous intent,
 Which the good spirit upon earth has sent,
 To guide and govern men's affairs,
 And thus to render them, salvation's heirs !
 So, they believe that if they pray,
 To this malignant deity,
 With ardent faith and fervent hope,
 That he will listen and relent,
 Of all his ill intentions meant,
 Sweetening the bitters of the cup !
 Just as *we* feel when we petition
 The *king*, to sympathise in our condition,
 Which prayer doth never reach his ears,

Or if it does, he never cares,
 One single straw for human ills,
 All which he neither sees nor feels !

But Hob imagined the creator,
 Of good and ill the fabricator,
 And that a little well timed prayer,
 And seasonable adoration,
 Would *change* the laws that rule this sphere,
 And guide and govern the creation !
 Not in behalf of *all* his race,
 But in *his individual case* !
 As when one farmer prays for rain,
 To swell and to increase his grain !
 Another prays for scorching weather,
 That he may get his hay together !
 Thus, if god granted *both* demands,
 For some few miles along the plain,
 All would be deluged by a flood of rain,
 Whilst Phœbus burnt up the surrounding lands !

Our travellers had just reached a farm,
 Close upon the public road,
 A pretty countrified abode,
 But its inhabitants were all alarm,
 As a thick, murky cloud of smoke,
 From every lower window broke,
 Rising through each crevice on the floor,
 And creeping slow beneath the door.

Each took a staircase at a leap,
 In the most hurried consternation,
 Eager and impatient to escape,
 Thoughtful only of self preservation ;
 A law that intuitive nature teaches,
 And in the practice we are so exact,
 That it is rarely broke or cracked,
 By any nobly heroic breaches !
 For on the very first alarm,
 We prudently escape from harm,
 And leave our friends to do the same,
 If not enveloped in the flame.

The owner, though affectionate and kind,
 In an anxiety of mind,
 Had for the moment closed his eyes.
 To conjugal and filial ties,
 And even to parental love,
 That all pervading power to move !
 For the instant he forgot his sire,
 And children, were within the fire !
 To rescue them he forwards flew,
 But unsuccessfully withdrew.
 He thrice rushed in, with madness fired,
 And thrice near suffocated, back retired !
 Again he tried to re-ascend,
 But was entangled, in the end,
 Amongst the timbers as they broke away,
 Where he amidst the ruins lay ;
 And in the agonies of grief,
 He languid, stretched his arms for aid,

But e'en the boldest was dismayed,
 Now to venture on relief.
 Each looked around in dread suspense,
 Motionless and dumb with fear,
 As showers of fire that fell intense,
 Were drifted through the black'ning air.

Hob, agonized by such a scene,
 With intrepidity burst in,
 And bore him instantly away,
 From the ignited ruins where he lay.

The mother, wild with frantic grief,
 Raved and struggled to get free,
 At every risk t'attempt relief,
 Or with them sink into eternity.
 But now alas ! 'twas deemed too late,
 To interpose 'tween them and fate,
 As now the flames, amidst the smoke,
 Through every lower outlet broke.
 An awful crash within was heard,
 And the dark volumes reappeared !-
 Wailings on all sides met the ear,
 But not a semblance of assistance near.

In vain their arms were stretched for aid !
 In vain was every effort made,
 To encourage them to leap below,
 On a soft medium, to ward off the blow.
 The distance was too awful and too high,
 For infant intrepidity.

At length a ladder was procured,
 And Hob was not to be deterred,
 But mounted it amidst the loud,
 And universal greetings of the crowd !
 Eager he seized the first, and now,
 Safe and unhurt he fell below !
 And once again the air was rent,
 With exclamations of glad wonderment ;
 And then an awful, breathless pause,
 Followed the sanctified applause,
 As each stood horror-stricken with amaze,
 At Hob enveloped in the blaze !
 Impatiently he seized the other,
 When instantly they fell together !

A shriek of terror and dismay,
 Broke from all who gathered round,
 And in the fall they rushed away,
 And Hob lay bleeding on the ground !
 The child howe'er remained unhurt,
 Secure and in his arms fast girt !

Some now to aid the sire went round,
 Who had united sheet to sheet,
 And was descending in the street,
 And without difficulty reached the ground.
 The instant he was safe below,
 The gable and the roof fell through ;
 Each started back in dread dismay,
 As if the ruins round him lay,

But still without the power to stir,
Thinking the spot his sepulchre !

Like a bewildered traveller, alone,
While journeying through each dreary way,
Descries a mountain mass come rolling down,
To close him up for ever from the day ;
And as he awe-struck, lifts to heaven his eyes,
Kindly to shelter those he leaves behind,
As the recollection rushes o'er his mind,
He's instant overwhelmed and dies !

Or when a wild tornado sweeps the skies.
And all is whirled on with it as it flies,
The planter sees it from afar,
Come rushing with more ravages than war,
Comingling huts, men, herds as it doth pass.
In one dread, undistinguishable mass !

An open waggon was prepared,
And Hob the multitude's attention shared,
Who formed a very easy litter,
And watched o'er him with all the care,
A benefactor ought to share,
And he grew very shortly, better.

The cavalcade went slowly on,
Until they reached that part of town,
Where Hob resided, much beloved,
Which numerous enquiries proved.
And amongst the middle classes.

This kind sentiment surpasses,
 Whate'er's beheld amongst the rich,
 Where hate and envy are the vice of each !

 Their sympathy is mere deceit,
 A sort of fashionable cheat,
 In which not any one's deceived.
 Nor in professions, e'er believed !
 'Tis courtly to assume concern,
 But with inward pleasure, burn !
 Amongst the wealthy, tis the *card*,
 Expresses tokens of regard !
 A mere proforma kind of call,
 Made in the morning's round, to all !
 Sick friends they've no desire to *see*,
 Nor to *waste* time in *sympathy* !

When Hob's humanity was noised abroad,
 He by his friends became adored ;
 And 'twas at length the common phrase,
 (Similar to what the Proverb says,)
 Not that his *patience* is as great as *Job's*,
 But that his *philanthropy* doth equal HOB's !

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I only write, what *others* saw and heard,
So that the tale is second hand, not third ;
If any parts are not correctly stated,
It is not I, who have exaggerated.
This I have always scorned to do,
Though Amherst be the subject and Ching Foo,
And the immortal George the Third,
Already canonized, by the great Bard,
Who got him into heaven, safe from harm,
And "left him practising the hundreth psalm !"

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ERRATA.

- Page 18, line 24, for *his* pipe.—read, pipe.
- 22, — 3, — floods, . . . —, flood.
- 26, — 9, — d'ye you, —, d'ye call.
- 27, — 23, — enoble, .. —, ennoble.
- 32, — 16, — goddesses, —, goddesses.
- 77, — 5, — where, . . . —, were.
- 83, — 25, — force into, . . —, force it into.
- 86, — 6, — ringing .. —, wringing.
- 119, — 7, — journeyman, —, journeymen.
- 120, — 13, — is of the .. —, is oft the.
- 120, — 16, — feeble oft, .. —, feeble of.
- 131, — 22, — the the . . . —, the.
- 147, — 4, — blank. . . . —, black.
- 152, — 1, — the t'other, —, the other.
- 167, — 13, — her girl, . . . —, her girt.
- 171, — 17, — The spot, . . . —, This spot.
- 173, — 12, — To the . . . —, For the.
- 185, — 14, — Glee's lone, —, Glee's alone.



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